

T H E

*Gentle Shepherd :*

A

SCOTS Pastoral-Comedy.

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*By* ALLAN RAMSAY.

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The *Gentle Shepherd* sat beside a Spring,  
All in the Shadow of a bushy Brier,  
That *Colin* hight, which well cou'd pipe and sing,  
For he of *Tityrus* his Songs did here.

*Spenser, p. 1113.*

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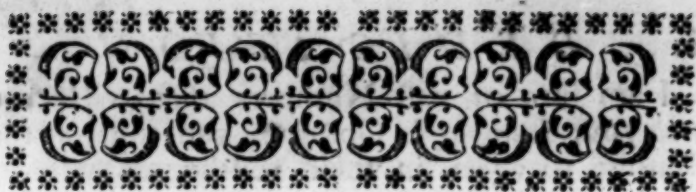
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L O N D O N :

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by F. JEFFERIES in *Ludgate-Street*, and  
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TO THE  
Right Honourable  
**SUSANNAH**  
COUNTESS of  
**EGLINTON.**

MADAM,

**T**HE Love of Approbation, and a Desire to please the best, have ever encouraged the *Poets* to finish their Designs with Chearfulness. But conscious of their own Inability to oppose a Storm of Spleen, and haughty ill Nature, it is generally an ingenious Custom amongst them to chuse some honourable Shade.

Wherefore I beg Leave to put my *Pastoral* under your *Ladyship's* Protection; if my *Patroness* says, the *Shepherds* speak as they ought, and that there are several natural Flowers that beautify the rural Wild, I shall have good Reason to think my self safe from the awkward Censure of some pretended Judges that condemn before Examination.

ii DEDICATION.

I am sure of vast Numbers that will croud into your *Ladyship's* Opinion, and think it their Honour to agree in their Sentiments with the *Countess of Eglinton*, whose Penetration, superior Wit, and sound Judgment, shines with an uncommon Lustre, while accompanied with all the diviner Charms of Goodness and Equality of Mind.

If it were not for offending only your *Ladyship*, here, Madam, I might give the fullest Liberty to my Muse to delineate the finest of Women, by drawing your *Ladyship's* Character, and be in no Hazard of being deemed a Flatterer; since Flattery lies not in paying what's due to Merit, but in Praises misplaced.

Were I to begin with your *Ladyship's* honourable Birth and Alliance, the Field's ample, and presents us with numberless Great and Good Patriots, that have dignified the Names of *KENNEDY* and *MONTGOMERY*; be that the Care of the Herauld and Historian. 'Tis personal Merit, and the heavenly Sweetness of the Fair that inspire the tuneful Lays. Here every *Lesbia* must be excepted, whose Tongues give Liberty to the Slaves, which their Eyes had made Captives. Such may be flatter'd; but your *Ladyship* justly claims our Admiration and profoundest Respect: For whilst you are possesst of every outward Charm in the most perfect Degree, the never-fading Beauties of Wisdom and Piety, which adorn your *Ladyship's* Mind, command Devotion.

All this is very true, cries a Sour-Plumb of better Sense than good Nature; but what occasion have you to tell us the Sun shines, when we have the Use of our Eyes, and feel his Influence?—— Very true; but I have the Liberty

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# D E D I C A T I O N. iii

to use the Poet's Privilege, which is, *To speak what every Body thinks*. Indeed there might be some Strength in the Reflection, if the *Idalian* Registers were of as short Duration as Life: But the Bard, who fondly hopes Immortality, has a certain Praise-worthy Pleasure, in communicating to Posterity the Fame of distinguished Characters—I write this last Sentence, with a Hand that trembles between Hope and Fear; but if I should prove so happy as to please your *Ladyship* in the following Attempt, then all my Doubts shall vanish like a Morning Vapour; I shall hope to be class'd with *Tasso* and *Guarini*, and sing with *Ovid*,

*If 'tis allowed to Poets to divine,  
One Half of round Eternity is mine.*

*Madam,*

*Your Ladyship's*

*Most Obedient, and*

*Most Devoted Servant,*

Edinburgh, June  
1725.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

# The PERSONS.

## M E N.

Sir WILLIAM WORTHY.

PATIE. } *The Gentle Shepherd, in Love with Peggy.*

ROGER. } *A rich young Shepherd, in Love with Jenny.*

SYMON. } *Two old Shepherds, Tenants to Glaud.*

GLAUD. } *Sir William.*

BAULDY. *A Hynd engaged with Neps.*

## W O M E N.

PEGGY. *Thought to be Glaud's Niece.*

JENNY. *Glaud's only Daughter.*

MAUSE. } *An old Woman suppos'd to be a Witch.*

ELSPA. *Symon's Wife.*

MADGE. *Glaud's Sister.*

SCENE, *a Shepherd's Village and Fields some few Miles from Edinburgh.*

Time of Action, *within Twenty Hours.*

First Act *begins at Eight in the Morning.*

Second Act *begins at Eleven in the Forenoon.*

Third Act *begins at Four in the Afternoon.*

Fourth Act *begins at Nine o' Clock at Night.*

Fifth Act *begins by Day-Light next Morning.*



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T H E  
GENTLE SHEPHERD.

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ACT I. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE to the SCENE.

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fields

*Beneath the South Side of a craigy Bield,  
Where Christal Springs the halefom Waters yield,  
Twa youthful Shepherds on the Gowans ly,  
Tenting their Flocks ae bony Morn of May.  
Poor Roger granes, till hollow Echo's ring;  
But blither Patie likes to laugh and sing.*

PATIE and ROGER.

SANG I. Tune, The Wawking of the Faulds.

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PATIE. *MY* Peggy is a young thing,  
Just enter'd in her Teens,  
Fair as the Day, and sweet as May,  
Fair as the Day, and always gay.  
My Peggy is a young thing,  
And I'm not very auld,  
Yet well I like to meet her at  
The Wawking of the Fauld.

B

Yet



## The GENTLE SHEPHERD:

*My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,  
 When'er we meet alane,  
 I wish nae mair to lay my Care,  
 I wish nae mair of a' that's rare.  
 My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,  
 To a' the lave I'm cauld;  
 But she gars a' my Spirits glow  
 At Wawking of the Fauld.*

*My Peggy smiles sae kindly,  
 When'er I whisper Love,  
 That I look down on a' the Town,  
 That I look down upon a Crown.  
 My Peggy smiles sae kindly,  
 It makes me blythe and bauld,  
 And naithing gies me sic Delight,  
 As Wawking of the Fauld.*

*My Peggy sings sae saftly,  
 When on my Pipe I play;  
 By a' the rest it is confest,  
 By a' the rest, that she sings best.  
 My Peggy sings sae saftly,  
 And in her Sangs are tald,  
 With Innocence the Wale of Sense,  
 At Wawking of the Fauld.*

**T**HIS sunny Morning, Roger, cheers my Blood,  
 And puts all Nature in a jovial Mood.  
 How hartsome is't to see the rising Plants,  
 To hear the Birds chirm o'er their pleasing Rants?  
 How halefom 'tis to snuff the cawler Air,  
 And all the Sweets it bears, when void of Care.  
 What ails thee, Roger, then? What gars thee grane?  
 Tell me the Cause of thy ill-season'd Pain.

*Roger.* I'm born, O *Patie*, to a thrawait Fate!  
 I'm born to strive with Hardships sad and great.  
 Tempests may cease to jaw the rowan Flood,  
 Corbies and Tods to grein for Lambkins Blood.  
 But I, opprest with never ending Grief,  
 Maun ay despair of lighting on Relief.

*Patie.* The

A PASTORAL COMEDY.

3

*Patie.* The Bees shall loath the Flour, and quit the Hive,  
The Saughs on boggie Ground shall cease to thrive,  
Ere scornful Queans, or Loss of warldly Gear,  
Shall spill my Rest, or ever force a Tear.

*Roger.* Sae might I say; but it's no easy done  
By ane whase Saul is sadly out of Tune.  
You have sae fast a Voice, and slid a Tongue,  
You are the Darling of baith Auld and Young.  
If I but ettle at a Sang, or speak,  
They dit their Lugs, syne up their Leglens cleek,  
And jeer me hameward frae the Loan or Bught,  
While I'm confus'd with many a vexing Thought:  
Yet I am tall, and as well built as thee,  
Nor mair unlikely to a Lafs's Eye.  
For ilka Sheep ye have I'll number Ten,  
And should, as ane may think, come farer ben.

*Patie.* But ablins, Nibour, ye have not a Heart,  
And downa eithly wi' your Cunzie part.  
If that be true, what signifies your Gear?  
A Mind that's scrimpit never wants some Care.

*Roger.* My Byar tumbled, nine braw Nowt were smoor'd,  
Three Elf-shot were, yet I these Ills endur'd:  
In Winter last my Cares were very sma',  
Tho' Scores of Wathers perish'd in the Snaw.

*Patie.* Were your bien Rooms as thinly stock'd as mine,  
Lefs you wad los, and lefs ye wad repine.  
He that has just enough can soundly sleep:  
The O'ercome only fashes Fowk to keep.

*Roger.* May Plenty flow upon thee for a Cross,  
That thou may'st thole the Pangs of mony a Loss:  
O may'st thou doat on some fair paughty Wench,  
That ne'er will lout thy lowan Drowth to quench:  
Till bris'd beneath the Burden, thou cry Dool!  
And awn that ane may fret that is nae Fool.

*Patie.* Sax good fat Lambs, I fauld them ilka Clute  
At the West-port, and bought a winsome Flute,  
Of Plum-tree made, with Iv'ry Virles round;  
A dainty Whistle, with a pleasant Sound:  
Will be mair canty wi't, and ne'er cry Dool!  
Than you with all your Cash, ye dowie Fool.

B 2

*Roger.* Na,

4      *The GENTLE SHEPHERD:*

*Roger.* Na, *Patie*, na! I'm nae sic churlish Beast,  
Some other Thing lyes heavier at my Breast:  
I dream'd a dreary Dream this hinder Night,  
That gars my Flesh a' creep yet with the Fright.

*Patie.* Now, to a Friend, how silly's this Pretence  
To ane wha you and a' your Secrets kens.  
Daft are your Dreams, as daftly wad ye hide  
Your well-seen Love, and dorty *Jenny's* Pride:  
Take Courage, *Roger*, me your Sorrows tell,  
And safely think nane kens them but your sell.

*Roger.* Indeed now, *Patie*, ye have guess'd o'er true,  
And there is naithing I'll keep up frae you.  
Me dorty *Jenny* looks upon asquint;  
To speak but till her I dare hardly mint,  
In ilka Place she jeers me air and late,  
And gars me look bombaz'd, and unko blate:  
But yesterday I met her yont a Know,  
She fled as frae a Shelly-coated Kow.  
She *Bauldy* looes, *Bauldy* that drives the Car,  
But gecks at me, and says I smell of Tar.

*Patie.* But *Bauldy* looes not her, right well I wat,  
He sighs for *Neps*;---sae that may stand for that.

*Roger.* I wish I cou'dna loo her---but in vain,  
I still maun doat, and thole her proud Disdain.  
My *Bawty* is a Cur I dearly like,  
Till he yowl'd fair she strak the poor dumb Tyke:  
If I had fill'd a Nook within her Breast,  
She wad have shawn mair Kindness to my Beast.  
When I begin to tune my Stock and Horn,  
With a' her Face she shaws a caultrife Scorn.  
Last Night I play'd, ye never heard sic Spite;  
O'er *Bogie* was the Spring, and her Delyte:  
Yet tauntingly she at her Cusin spear'd,  
Gif she could tell what Tune I play'd, and sneer'd.  
Flocks, wander where ye like, I dinna care,  
I'll break my Reed, and never whistle mair.

*Patie.* E'en do sae, *Roger*, wha can help Misluck?  
Saebeins she be sic a thrawn-gabit Chuck.  
Yonder's a Craig, since ye have tint all Hope,  
Gae till't your ways, and take the Lover's Lowp.

*Roger.* !

A PASTORAL COMEDY.

5

*Roger.* I needna mack sic Speed my Blood to spill,  
I'll warrant Death come soon enough a-will.

*Patie.* Daft Gowk! leave off that silly whinging way;  
Seena careless, there's my Hand ye'll win the Day.

Hear how I serv'd my Lads I love as weel  
As ye do *Jenny*, and with Heart as leel.  
Last Morning I was gay and early out,  
Upon a Dyke I lean'd, glowing about,  
I saw my *Meg* come linkan o'er the Lee;  
I saw my *Meg*, but *Peggy* saw na me:  
For yet the Sun was wading thro' the Mist,  
And she was close upon me e'er she wist.  
Her Coats were kiltit, and did sweetly shaw  
Her straight bare Legs that whyter were than Snaw.  
Her Cockernony snooded up fou sleek,  
Her Haffet-locks hang waving on her Cheek;  
Her Cheeks sae ruddy, and her Eyen sae clear;  
And O! her Mouth's like ony Hinnie Pear.  
Neat, neat she was, in Bustine Waistcoat clean,  
As she came skiffing o'er the dewy Green.  
Blythsome, I cry'd, my bony *Meg*, come here,  
I ferly wherefore ye're so soon a-steer:  
But I can guess, ye're gawn to gather Dew:  
She scour'd awa, and said, What's that to you?  
Then fare ye weel, *Meg-Derts*, and e'en's ye like,  
I careless cry'd, and lap in o'er the Dyke.  
I trow, when that she saw, within a Crack,  
She came with a right thieveless Errand back;  
Miscaw'd me first---then bad me hound my Dog,  
To wear up three waff Ews stray'd on the Bog.  
I leugh; and sae did she; then with great Hast  
I clasp'd my Arms about her Neck and Waist;  
About her yielding Waist, and took a Fouth  
Of sweetest Kisses frae her glowing Mouth.  
While hard and fast I held her in my Grips,  
My very Saul cam lowping to my Lips.  
Sair sair she flet wi' me 'tween ilka Smack;  
But weel I kend she meant nae as she spak.  
Dear *Roger*, when your Jo puts on her Gloom,  
Do ye sae too, and never fash your Thumb.

B 3

Seem



6      *The GENTLE SHEPHERD:*

Seem to forsake her, soon she'll change her Moöd:  
Gae woo anither, and she'll gang clean wood.

S A N G II. *Tune, Fy gar rub her o'er with Strac.*

*Dear Roger, if your Jenny geck,  
And answer Kindness with a Slight,  
Seem unconcern'd at her Neglect,  
For Women in a Man Delight:  
But them despise who're soon defeat,  
And with a simple Face give way  
To a Repulse---then be not blate,  
Push bauldly on, and win the Day.*

*When Maidens, innocently young,  
Say aften what they never mean;  
Ne'er mind their pretty lying Tongue;  
But tent the Language of their Een:  
If these agree, and she persist  
To answer all your Love with Hate,  
Seek elsewhere to be better blest,  
And let her sigh when 'tis too late.*

*Roger. Kind Patie, now fair-fa your honest Heart,  
Ye're ay sae cadgy, and have sic an Art  
To hearten ane: For now as clean's a Leek,  
Ye've cherish'd me, since ye began to speak.  
Sae, for your Pains, I'll mak ye a Propine,  
(My Mother, rest her Saul! she made it fine;)  
A Tartan Plaid, spun of good Hawstock Woo,  
Scarlet and Green the Sets, the Borders blew:  
With Sprains like Gowd, and Siller cross'd with Black;  
I never had it yet upon my Back.  
Weel are ye wordy o't, wha have sae kind  
Red up my revel'd Doubts, and clear'd my Mind.*

*Patie. Weel, hald ye there---and since ye've frankly made  
To me a Present of your braw new Plaid,  
My Flute's be yours, and the too that's sae nice  
Shall come a-will, gif ye'll tak my Advice.*

*Roger. As ye advise, I'll promise to observ't;  
But ye maun keep the Flute, ye best deserv't.*

Now



Now tak it out, and gie's a bony Spring;  
For I'm in Tift to hear you play and sing.

*Patie.* But first we'll take a Turn up to the Height,  
And see gif all our Flocks be feeding right:  
Be that Time Bannocks, and a Shave of Cheese  
Will make a Breakfast that a Laird might please:  
Might please the daintiest Gabs, were they sae wise  
To season Meat with Health, instead of Spice.  
When we have tane the Grace-Drink at this Well,  
I'll whistle fine, and sing t'ye like my sell. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

P R O L O G U E.

*A flowrie Howm between twa verdant Braes,  
Where Lasses use to wash and spread their Claiths,  
A trotting Burnie wimpling throw the Grownd,  
Its Channel Peebles, shining smooth and round,  
Here view twa barefoot Beauties clean and clear;  
First please your Eye, then gratifie your Ear;  
While Jenny what she wishes discommends,  
And Meg with better Sense true Love defends.*

P E G G Y and J E N N Y.

*Jenny.* **C**OME, *Meg*, let's fa' to wark upon this Green,  
The shining Day will bleech our Linen clean;  
The Water's clear, the Lift unclouded blew,  
Will make them like a Lily wet with Dew.

*Peggy.* Go farer up the Burn to *Habie's How*,  
Where a' that's sweet in Spring and Simmer grow:  
Between twa Birks out-o'er a little Lin  
The Water fa's, and makes a singand Din:  
A Pool Breast-deep, beneath as clear as Glass,  
Kisses with easy Whirles the bordering Grass.  
We'll end our Washing, while the Morning's cool,  
And when the Day grows het, we'll to the Pool,  
There wash our sells----'Tis healthfou now in *May*,  
And sweetly cauler on sae warm a Day.

*Jenny.* Daft

8      *The GENTLE SHEPHERD:*

*Jenny.* Daft Lassie, when we're naked, what'll ye say,  
Gif our twa *Herds* come brattling down the Brae,  
And see us sae? That jeering Fallow *Pate*  
Wad taunting say, haith Lasses ye're no blate.

*Peggy.* We're far frae ony Road, and out of Sight;  
The Lads they're feeding far beyont the Height:  
But tell me now, dear *Jenny*, we're our-lane,  
What gars ye plague your Wooer with Disdain?  
The Neighbours a' tent this as well as I,  
That *Roger* loo's ye, yet ye carena by.  
What ails ye at him? Troth between us twa,  
He's wordy you the best Day e'er ye saw.

*Jenny.* I dinna like him, *Peggy*, there's an End,  
A *Herd* mair Sheepish yet I never kend.  
He kames his Hair indeed, and gaes right snug,  
With Ribbon-knots at his blew Bonnet Lug;  
Whilk pensylie he wears a-thought a-jee,  
And spreads his Garters dic'd beneath his Knee.  
He falds his Owrelay down his Breast with Care,  
And few gangs trigger to the Kirk or Fair,  
For a' that, he can neither sing nor say,  
Except, *How d'ye?* --- or, *There's a bony Day.*

*Peggy.* Ye dash the Lad with constant slighting Pride,  
Hatred for Love is unco fair to bide:  
But ye'll repent ye, if his Love grow cauld.  
What like's a dorty Maiden, when she's auld?  
Like dawted Wean, that tarrowes at its Meat,  
That for some feckleless Whim will orp and greet:  
The lave laugh at it, till the Dinner's past,  
And syne the Fool thing is oblig'd to fast,  
Or scart anither's Leavings at the last.  
Fy, *Jenny*, think, and dinna sit your Time.

S A N G   III.   *Tune, Polwart on the Green.*

*The Dorty will repent,  
If Lover's Heart grow cauld,  
And nane her Smiles will tent,  
Soon as her Face looks auld:  
The dawted Bairn thus takes the Pet,  
Nor eats tho' Hunger crave,*

*Whim-*

A PASTORAL COMEDY.

*Whimpers and tarrows at its Meat,  
And's laught at by the lave.*

*They jest it till the Dinner's past,  
Thus by it sell abus'd,  
The fool thing is oblig'd to fast,  
Or eat what they've refus'd.*

*Jenny.* I never thought a single Life a Crime.

*Peggy.* Nor I--- but Love in Whispers lets us ken,  
That Men were made for us, and we for Men.

*Jenny.* If Roger is my Jo, he kens himself,  
For sic a Tale I never heard him tell.  
He glowrs and sighs, and I can guess the Cause,  
But wha's oblig'd to spell his Hums and Haws.  
Whene'er he likes to tell his Mind mair plain,  
I'll tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.  
They're Fools that Slav'ry like, and may be free;  
The Chiels may a' knit up themselves for me.

*Peggy.* Be doing your ways; for me, I have a Mind  
To be as yielding as my *Patie's* kind.

*Jenny.* Heh Lads! how can ye loo that Rattle-skull?  
A very Deel, that ay maun hae his Will.  
We'll soon hear tell what a poor feightran Life  
You twa will lead, sae soon's ye're Man and Wife.

*Peggy.* I'll rin the Risk, nor have I ony Fear,  
But rather think ilk langsome Day a Year,  
Till I with Pleasure mount my Bridal Bed,  
Where on my *Patie's* Breast I'll lean my Head.  
There he may kifs as lang as Kissing's good,  
And what we do, there's nane dare call it rude.  
He's get his Will: Why no? 'Tis good my Part  
To give him that, an he'll give me his Heart.

*Jenny.* He may indeed for Ten or Fifteen Days  
Mak meikle o'ye, with an unco Fraise,  
And daut ye baith afore Fowk, and your lane:  
But soon as his Newfangleness is gane,  
He'll look upon you as his Tether-stake,  
And think he's tint his Freedom for your sake.  
Instead then of lang Days of sweet Delyte,  
Ac Day be dumb, and a' the neist he'll flyte:

And

10    *The GENTLE SHEPHERD:*

And may be, in his Barlicods ne'er stick  
To lend his loving Wife a loundering Lick.

S A N G   IV.   *Tune, O dear Mother, what shall I do ?*

*O dear Peggy, Love's beguiling,  
We ought not to trust his Smiling;  
Better far to do as as I do,  
Lest a harder Luck betide you.  
Lasses when their Fancy's carry'd,  
Think of nought but to be marry'd;  
Running to a Life destroys  
Heartsome, free, and youthsfu' Joys.*

*Peggy. Sic coarse-spun Thoughts as that want Pith to  
My settl'd Mind, I'm o'er far gane in Love.                    [move  
Patie to me is dearer than my Breath,  
But want of him I dread nae other Skaith.  
There's nane of a' the Herds that tread the Green  
Has sic a Smyle, or sic twa glancing Een.  
And then he speaks with sic a taking Art,  
His Words they thirle like Musick throw my Heart.  
How blithely can he sport, and gently rave,  
And jest at little Fears that fright the lave.  
Ilk Day that he's alane upon the Hill,  
He reads fell Books that teach him meikle Skill.  
He is --- but what need I say that or this,  
I'd spend a Month to tell you what he is!  
In a he says or does, there's sio a Gate,  
The rest seem Coofs compar'd wirth my dear Pate.  
His better Sense will lang his Love secure:  
Ill Nature heffs in Sauls are weak and poor.*

S A N G   V.   *Tune, How can I be sad on my, &c.*

*How shall I be sad when a Husband I bae,  
That has better Sense than any of thae  
Sour weak filly Fellows, that study like Fools,  
To sink their ain Joy, and make their Wives Snools.  
The Man who is prudent ne'er lightlies bis Wife,  
Or with dull Reproaches encourages Strife;*

*He*



*He praises her Virtue, and ne'er will abuse  
Her for a small Failing, but find an Excuse.*

*Jenny.* Hey Bony Lads of Branksome, or't be lang,  
Your witty Pate will put you in a Sang.  
O 'tis a pleasant thing to be a Bride;  
Syne whindging Gets about your Ingle-side,  
Yelping for this or that with fasheous Din:  
To mak them Brats then ye maun toil and spin.  
Ae Wean fa's sick, ane scads it sell wi' Broe,  
Ane breaks his Shin, anither tines his Shoe.  
The Deel gaes o'er John Wobster: Hame grows Hell;  
When Pate miscaws ye war than Tongue can tell.

*Peggy.* Yes, it's a handsome thing to be a Wife,  
When round the Ingle-edge young Sprouts are rise.  
Gif I'm sae happy, I shall have Delight  
To hear their little Complaints, and keep them tight.  
Wow *Jenny*! can there greater Pleasure be  
Than see sic wee Tots toolying at your Knee;  
When a' they ettle at---their greatest Wish,  
Is to be made of, and obtain a Kiss?  
Can there be Toil in tenting Day and Night  
The like of them, when Love makes Care Delight?

*Jenny.* But Poortith, *Peggy*, is the warst of a',  
Gif o'er your Heads ill Chance should Begg'ry draw.  
There little Love or canty Chear can come  
Frae duddy Doublets, and a Pantry toom:  
Your Nowt may die---the Spate may bear away  
Frae aff the Howms your dainty Rucks of Hay---  
The thick-blawn Wreaths of Snaw, or blathy Thows,  
May smoor your Wathers, and may rot your Ews.  
A Dyvor buies your Butter, Woo and Cheese,  
But or the Day of Payment breaks and flees.  
With glooman Brow the Laird seeks in his Rent:  
'Tis no to gie; your Merchant's to the Bent.  
His Honour manna want, he poinds your Gear:  
Syne driven frae House and Hald, where will ye steer?  
Dear *Meg*, be wise, and lead a single Life:  
Troth its nae mows to be a married Wife.

*Peggy.* May



12      *The* GENTLE SHEPHERD:

*Peggy.* May sic ill Luck befa' that silly She  
 Wha has sic Fears, for that was never me.  
 Let Fowk bode weel, and strive to do their best;  
 Nae mair's requir'd: Let Heav'n make out the rest.  
 I've heard my honest Uncle aften say,  
 That Lads should a' for Wives that's vertuous pray:  
 For the maist thrifty Man could never get  
 A well-stor'd Room, unless his Wife wad let:  
 Wherefore nocht shall be wanting on my Part  
 To gather Wealth to raise my Shepherd's Heart.  
 Whare'er he wins, I'll guide with canny Care,  
 And win the Vogue at Marker, Tron, or Fair,  
 For halefome, clean, cheap, and sufficient Ware.  
 A Flock o' Lambs, Cheese, Butter, and some Woo,  
 Shall first be sold to pay the Laird his Due.  
 Syne a' behind's our ain;---thus without Fear,  
 With Love and Rowth we throw the Warld will steer:  
 And when my *Pate* in Bairns and Gear grows rise,  
 He'll blest the Day he gat me for his Wife.

*Jenny.* But what if some young Giglit on the Green,  
 With dimpled Cheeks, and twa bewitching Een,  
 Should gar your *Patie* think his half-worn *Meg*,  
 And her kend Kisses, hardly worth a Feg.

*Peggy.* Nae mair of that---Dear *Jenny*, to be free,  
 There's some Men constanter in Love than we:  
 Nor is the Ferly great, when Nature kind  
 Has blest them with Solidity of Mind.  
 They'll reason caumly, and with Kindness smile,  
 When our short Passions wad our Peace beguile:  
 Sae, whensoe'er they slight their Maiks at Hame,  
 'Tis Ten to Ane their Wives are maist to blame.  
 Then I'll employ with Pleasure a' my Art  
 To keep him chearfu', and secure his Heart.  
 At Ev'n, when he comes weary frae the Hill,  
 I'll have a' things made ready to his Will.  
 In Winter, when he toils throw Wind and Rain,  
 A bleezing Ingle, and a clean Hearth-stane:  
 And soon as he flings by his Plaid and Staff,  
 The seething Pot's be ready to tak aff.

Clean

Clean Hag-a-bag I'll spread upon his Board,  
And serve him with the best we can afford.  
Good Humour and white Bigonets shall be  
Guards to my Face, to keep his Love for me.

Jenny. A Dish of married Love right soon grows cauld,  
And dozens down to nane, as Fowk grow auld.

Peggy. But we'll grow auld together, and ne'er find  
The Loss of Youth, when Love grows on the Mind.  
Bairns and their Bairns make sure a firmer Tye,  
Than aught in Love the like of us can spy.

See yon twa Elms that grow up Side by Side;  
Suppose them some Years syne Bridegroom and Bride;  
Nearer and nearer ilka Year they've prest,  
Till wide their spreading Branches are increas'd,  
And in their Mixture now are fully blest.  
This shields the other frae the Eastlin Blast,  
That in Return defends it frae the West.  
Sic as stand single (a State sac lyk'd by you!)  
Beneath ilk Storm frae every Airth maun bow.

Jenny. I've done.--I yield, dear Lassie, I maun yield,  
Your better Sense has fairly won the Field,  
With the Assistance of a little Fae  
Lyes dern'd within my Breast this mony a Day.

S A N G VI. *Tune, Nanfy's to the Green Wood gane.*

*I yield, dear Lassie, ye have won,  
And there is nae denying,  
That sure as Light flows frae the Sun,  
Frae Love proceeds complying;  
For a' that we can do or say  
'Gainst Love nae Thinker heeds us,  
They ken our Bosoms lodge the Fae,  
That by the Heartstrings leads us.*

Peggy. Alake! poor Pris'ner! Jenny, that's no fair,  
That ye'll no let the wic Thing take the Air:  
Haste, let him out, we'll tent as weel's we can,  
Gif he be Bauldy's, or poor Roger's Man.

C

Jenny. Anither

14      *The* GENTLE SHEPHERD:

*Jenny.* Anither Time's as good---for see the Sun  
Is right far up, and we're no yet begun  
To freath the Graith;---if canker'd *Madge* our Aunt  
Come up the Burn, she'll gie's a wicked Rant:  
But when we've done, I'll tell ye a' my Mind;  
For this seems true, nae Lafs can be unkind. [*Exeunt.*]

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ACT II. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE

*A snug Thack House, before the Door a Green;  
Hens on the Midding, Ducks in Dubs are seen.  
On this Side stands a Barn, on that a Bayer:  
A Peet-stack joins, and forms a rural Squair.  
The House is Glau'd's;---there you may see him lean,  
And to his Divet-Seat invite his Friend.*

GLAUD and SYMON.

*Glaud.* **G**OOD-MORROW, Nibour *Symon*,--- come  
fit down,  
And gie's your Cracks.--- What's a'the News in Town?  
They tell me ye was in the ither Day,  
And sald your *Crummock*, and her bassend Quey.  
I'll warrant ye've coft a Pund of Cut and dry;  
Lug out your Box, and gie's a Pipe to try.

*Symon.* With a' my Heart;--- and tent me now, auld Boy,  
I've gather'd News will kittle your Mind with Joy.  
I cou'dna rest till I came o'er the Burn,  
To tell ye Things have taken sic a Turn,  
Will gar our vile Oppressors stend like Flaes,  
And skulk in Hidlings on the Hether Braes.

*Glaud.* Fy blaw!-- Ah *Symmie*! ratling Chiels ne'er stand  
To cleck and spread the grossest Lies aff-hand,  
Whilk soon flies round like Will-fire far and near:  
But loose your Poke, be't true or faulse, let's hear.

*Symon.* See-

A PASTORAL COMEDY. 15.

*Symon.* Seeing's believing, *Glaud*, and I have seen  
*Hab*, that abroad has with our *Master* been,  
 Our brave good *Master*, wha right wisely fled,  
 And left a fair Estate to save his Head,  
 Because ye ken fou well he bravely chose  
 To shine, or set in Glory with *Montrose*.  
 Now *Cromwell's* gane to *Nick*; and ane ca'd *Monk*,  
 Has plaid the *Rumple* a right ssee Begunk;  
 Restor'd King *Charles*, and ilka Thing's in Tune;  
 And *Habby* says, we'll see Sir *William* soon.

*Glaud.* That makes me blyth indeed--- but dinna flaw,  
 Tell o'er your News again! and swear til't a'.  
 And saw ye *Hab*! and what did *Halbert* say?  
 They have been e'en a dreary Time away.  
 Now God be thanked that our Laird's come hame,  
 And his Estate, say, can he eithly claim?

*Symon.* They that Hag-rid us till our Guts did grane,  
 Like greedy Bairs, dare nae mair do't again,  
 And good Sir *William* fall enjoy his ane.

S A N G VII. Tune, Cald Kale in *Aberdeen*.

*Could be the Rebels Cast,*  
*Oppressors base and bloody,*  
*I hope we'll see them at the last*  
*Strung a' up in a Woody.*  
*Blest be he of Worth and Sense,*  
*And ever high his Station,*  
*That bravely stands in the Defence*  
*Of Conscience, King and Nation.*

*Glaud.* And may he lang, for never did he stent  
 Us in our Thriving with a racket Rent;  
 Nor grumbled if ane grew rich, or shor'd to raise  
 Our Mailens, when we pat on *Sunday's* Clairths.

*Symon.* Nor wad he lang, with senseless faucy Air,  
 Allow our lyart Noddles to be bare.

"Put on your Bonnet, *Symon*--- tak a Seat---

"How's all at Hame?--How's *Elspa*?--How does *Kate*?--



16     *The GENTLE SHEPHERD:*

“How sells black Cattle?--What gies Woo this Year?--  
And sic like kindly Questions wad he speare.

S A N G VIII.     *Tune, Mucking of Geordy's Byer.*

*The Laird who in Riches and Honour  
Wad thrive, should be kindly and free,  
Nor rack the poor Tenants who labour  
To rise aboon Poverty:  
Else like the Pack-horse that's unfether'd  
And burthen'd, will tumble down faint;  
Thus Virtue by Hardship is smother'd,  
And Rackers aft tine their Rent.*

*Glaud.* Then wad he gar his Butler bring bedeen  
The nappy Bottle ben, and Glasses clean,  
Whilk in our Breast rais'd sic a blythsome Flame,  
As gar me mony a Time gae dancing Hame.  
My Heart's e'en rais'd!--Dear Nibour will ye stay,  
And tak your Dinner here with me the Day.  
We'll send for *Elspith* too---and upo' Sighr,  
I'll whistle *Pate* and *Roger* frae the Height.  
I'll yoke my Sled, and send to the neist Town,  
And bring a Draught of Ale, baith stout and brown,  
And gar our Cottars a', Man, Wife and Wean,  
Drink till they tine the Gate to stand their lane.

*Symon.* I wadna bauk my Friend his blyth Design,  
Gif that it hadna first of a' been mine:  
For here-yestreen I brew'd a Bow of Maut,  
Yestreen I slew twa Wathers prime and fat;  
A Furler of good Cakes my *Elspa* beuk,  
And a large Ham hangs reesting in the Nook.  
I saw my sell, or I came o'er the Loan,  
Our meikle Pot, that scads the Whey, put on,  
A Mutton Bouk to boil;---and ane we'll roast;  
And on the Haggies *Elspa* spares nae Cost.  
Small are they thorn; and she can mix fou nice  
The gusty Ingans with a Curn of Spice.  
Fat are the Puddings,--Heads and Feet well sung;  
And we've invited Nibours auld and young,

To

A PASTORAL COMEDY. 37

To pass this After-noon with Glee and Game,  
And drink our *Master's* Health and Welcome-hame.  
Ye manna then refuse to join the rest,  
Since ye're my nearest Friend that I like best.  
Bring wi' ye all your Family, and then,  
Whene'er you please, I'll rant wi' you again.

*Glaud.* Spoke like ye'r sell, Auld-birky, never fear.  
But at your Banquet I shall first appear:  
Faith we shall bend the Bicker, and look bauld,  
Till we forget that we are fail'd or auld.  
Auld, said I!---Troth, I'm younger be a Score  
With this good News, than what I was before.  
I'll dance or Een! Hey, *Madge*, come forth, d'ye hear?

Enter MADGE.

*Madge.* The Man's gain gyte! Dear *Symon*, welcome  
here:

What wad ye, *Glaud*, with a' this Haste and Din?  
Ye never let a Body sit to spin.

*Glaud.* Spin! Snuff!--Gae break your Wheel, and burn  
your Tow,  
And set the meiklest Peet-stack in a Low.  
Synne dance about the Bane-fire till ye die,  
Since now again we'll soon Sir *William* see.

*Madge.* Blyth News indeed!-- And wha was't tald you o't.

*Glaud.* What's that to you?--gae get my *Sunday's* Coat;  
Wale out the whitest of my bobit Bands,  
My Whyt-skin Hose, and Mittans for my Hands;  
Then frae their Washing cry the Bairns in Haste,  
And mak ye'r sell as trig, Head, Feet, and Waist,  
As ye were a' to get young Lads or Een;  
For we're gawn o'er to dine with *Sym* bedeen.

*Symon.* Do honest *Madge*---and, *Glaud*, I'll o'er the Gate,  
And see that a' be done as I wad hae't. [Exeunt.]

C 3

SCENE

## S C E N E II.

## P R O L O G U E.

*The open Field.-- A Cotage in a Glen,  
An auld Wife spinning at the sunny End.-----  
At a small Distance, by a blasted Tree,  
With falded Arms, and haff-rai'd Look ye see.*

B A U L D Y *his lane.*

Bauldy. **W**HAT's this!---- I canna bear't! 'Tis war  
than Hell;  
To be fac burnt with Love, yet darna tell!  
O Peggy, sweeter than the dawning Day,  
Sweeter than gowany Glens or new-mawn Hay:  
Blyther than Lambs that frisk out-o'er the Knows,  
Straighter than aught that in the Forest grows:  
Her Een the clearest Blob of Dew out-shines;  
The Lilly in her Breast its Beauty tines.  
Her Legs, her Arms, her Cheeks, her Mouth, her Een,  
Will be my Deid, that will be shortly seen!  
For Pate loes her,---waes me! and she loes Pate;  
And I with Neps, by some unlucky Fate,  
Made a daft Vow!--- O! but ane be a Beast,  
That makes rash Aiths, till he's afore the Priest.  
I darena speak my Mind, else a' the three,  
Bot Doubt, wad prove ilk ane my Enemy.  
'Tis fair to thole---I'll try some Witchcraft Arr,  
To brak with ane, and win the other's Heart.  
Here Maufsy lives, a Witch, that for sma' Price,  
Can cast her Cantraips, and give me Advice.  
She can o'ercast the Night, and cloud the Moon,  
And mak the Deils obedient to her Crune.  
At Midnight Hours, o'er the Kirk-yards she raves,  
And howks uncristen'd Weans out of their Graves;  
Boils up their Livers in a Warlock's Pow;  
Rins witherthins about the Humlock Low;  
And seven Times does her Prayers backward pray,  
Till Plotcock comes with Lumps of Lapland Clay,

Mixt

# A PASTORAL COMEDY.

19

Mixt with the Venom of black Taids and Snakes.  
Of this unsonfy Pictures aft the makes  
Of any ane the hates ;---and gars expire  
With slaw and racking Pains afore a Fire,  
Stuck fou of Prines ; the devilish Pictures melt,  
The Pain by Fowk they represent is felt.  
And yonder's *Maufe* : Ay, ay, the kens fou weil,  
When ane like me comes rinning to the Deil.  
She and her Cat sit beeking in her Yard,  
To speak my Errand, faith amaisf I'm fear'd :  
But I maun do't tho' I shou'd never thrive ;  
They gallop fast, that Deels and Lasses drive. [Exit.

## SCENE III.

### PROLOGUE.

*A green Kail-Yard, a little Fount,  
Where Water popilan springs,  
There sits a Wife with Wrinkle-front,  
And yet she spins and sings.*

SANG IX. Tune, Carle and the King come.

MAUSE. **P**EGGY, now the King's come,  
Peggy, now the King's come,  
Thou may dance, and I shall sing,  
Peggy, since the King's come :  
Nae mair the Hawkys shalt thou milk,  
But change thy Plaiding-Coat for Silk,  
And be a Lady of that Ilk,  
Now, Peggy, since the King's come.

Enter BAULDY.

*Bauldy.* How does auld honest Lucky of the Glen ?  
Ye look baith hale and rash at Threescore Ten.

*Maufe.* E'en twining out a Thread with little Din,  
And beeking my cauld Limbs afore the Sun.

What



20      *The GENTLE SHEPHERD:*

What brings my Bairn this Gate sae air at Morn?  
Is there nae Muck to lead,---to thresh, nae Corn?

*Bauldy.* Enough of baith---But something that requires  
Your helping Hand employs now all my Cares.

*Maufe.* My helping Hand, alake! what can I do  
That underneath baith Eild and Poortith bow?

*Bauldy.* Ay, but you're wise, and wiser far than we,  
Or maist Part of the Parish tells a Lie.

*Maufe.* Of what Kind Wisdom think ye I'm possest,  
That lifts my Character aboon the rest?

*Bauldy.* Well vers'd in Herbs and Seasons of the Moon,  
By skilfu' Charms 'tis kend what ye have done.

*Maufe.* What Fowk say of me, *Bauldy*, let me hear;  
Keep naithing up, ye naithing have to fear.

*Bauldy.* Well, since ye bid me, I shall tell ye a'  
That ilk ane talks about you, bot a Flaw.

When last the Wind made *Glaud* a roofless Barn,  
When last the Burn bore down my *Mither's* Yarn,

When *Brawny* Elfshoot never mair came hame;

When *Tibi* kirk'd and there nae Butter came;

When *Bessy Freetock's* chuffy-checked Wean  
To a Fairy turn'd, and cou'dna stand its lane.

When *Wattie* wander'd ae Night thro' the Shaw,  
And tint himsel amaisht among the Snaw.

When *Mungo's* Mear stood still, and swat with Fright,  
When he brought East the *Howdy* under Night.

When *Bawfsy* ihot to dead upon the Green,  
And *Sara* tint a Snood was nae mair seen;

You, *Lucky*, gat the Wyte of a' fell out,

And ilka ane here dreads ye round about;

And sae they may that mean to do ye Skaith;

For me to wrang ye, I'll be very laith:

But when I neist make Grots, I'll strive to please  
You with a Furlet of them mixt with Pease.

*Maufe.* I thank ye, Lad---now tell me your Demand,  
And, if I can, I'll lend my helping Hand.

*Bauldy.* Then I like *Peggy*---*Neps* is fond of me---  
*Peggy* likes *Pate*;---and *Patie's* bauld and slee;  
And loes sweet *Meg*---But *Neps* I downa see---

Cou'd

Cou'd ye turn *Patie's* Love to *Neps*, and than  
*Peggy's* to me,—I'd be the happiest Man.

*Mause*. I'll try my Art to gar the Bowls row right,  
Sae gang your Ways, and come again at Night;  
'Gainst that Time I'll some simple Things prepare,  
Worth all your Pease and Grots, tak ye nae Care.

*Bauldy*. Well, *Mause*, I'll come, gif I the Road can find;  
But if ye raise the *Deel*, he'll raise the Wind;  
Syn'e Rain and Thunder, may be, when 'tis late,  
Will make the Night sae mirk, I'll tine the Gate.  
We're a' to rant in *Symmie's* at a Feast,  
O will ye come like *Badrans* for a Jest;  
And there ye can our different Haviours spy;  
There's nane shall ken o't there but you and I.

*Mause*. 'Tis like I may---but let na on what's past  
Tween you and me, else fear a kittle Cast.

*Bauldy*. If I aught of your Secrets e'er advance,  
May ye ride on me ilka Night to *France*. [*Exit Bauldy*.]

*Mause*. [*her lane*.] This Fool imagines, as do mony sic,  
That I'm a Witch in Compact with *Auld Nick*,  
Because by Education I was taught  
To speak and act aboon their common Thought.  
Their gross Mistake shall quickly now appear,  
Soon shall they ken what brought, what keeps me here.  
Now since the Royal *Charles*, and Right's restor'd,  
A Shepherdess is Daughter to a Lord.  
The bony *Foundling* that's brought up by *Glaud*,  
Wha has an Uncle's Care on her bestow'd,  
Her Infant Life I sav'd, when a false Friend  
Bow'd to th' *Usurper*, and her Death design'd;  
To establish him and his in all these Plains  
That by right Heritage to her pertains.  
She's now in her sweet Bloom, has Blood and Charms  
Of too much Value for a Shepherd's Arms.  
None knows't but me;---and if the Morn were come,  
I'll tell them Tales will gar them all sing dumb.

SCENE

## S C E N E IV.

## P R O L O G U E.

*Behind a Tree upon the Plain,  
Pate and his Peggy meet,  
In Love, without a vicious Stain,  
The bony Lass and chearfu' Swain  
Change Vows and Kisses sweet.*

## P A T I E and P E G G Y.

*Peggy.* O P A T I E, let me gang, I maunna stay;  
We're baith cry'd hame, and Jenny the's away.

*Patie.* I'm laith to part sae soon; now we're alane,  
And Roger he's away with Jenny gane;  
They're as content, for aught I hear or see,  
To be alane themselves, I judge, as we.  
Here, where Primroses thickest paint the Green,  
Hard by this little Burnie let us lean.

Hark how the Lav'rocks chant aboon our Heads,  
How fast the Westlin Winds sough through the Reeds.

*Peggy.* The scented Meadows--Birds--and healthy Breeze,  
For aught I ken, may mair than Peggy please.

*Patie.* Ye wrang me fair, to doubt my being kind;  
In speaking sae, ye ca' me dull and blind.  
Gif I could fancy aught's sae sweet or fair  
As my sweet Meg, or worthy of my Care.  
Thy Breath is sweeter than the sweetest Brier,  
Thy Cheek and Breast the finest Flowers appear.  
Thy Words excel the maist delightfu' Notes,  
That warble through the Merle or Mavis' Throtes.  
With thee I tent nae Flowers that busk the Field,  
Or ripest Berries that our Mountains yield.  
The sweetest Fruits, that hing upon the Tree,  
Are far inferior to a Kifs of thee.

*Peggy.* But Patrick for some wicked End may fleech,  
And Lambs should tremble when the Foxes preach.  
I darna stay,---ye Joker, let me gang,  
Or swear ye'll never tempt to do me Wrang.

*Patie.* Sooner

*Patie.* Sooner a Mother shall her Fondness drap,  
And wrang the Bairn sits smiling on her Lap.  
The Sun shall change, the Moon to change shall cease;  
The Gaits to clim---the Sheep to yield the Fleecce,  
Ere ought by me be either said or done,  
Shall do thee Wrang, I swear by all aboon.

*Peggy.* Then keep your Aith---But mony Lads will swear,  
And be mansworn to twa in Half a Year;  
Now I believe ye like me wonder well;  
But if anither Lads your Heart shou'd steel,  
Your *Meg*, forsaken, bootless might relate  
How she was dauted anes by faithless *Pate*.

*Patie.* I'm sure I canna change, ye needna fear,  
Tho' we're but young I've loe'd you mony a Year.  
I mind it well, when thou cou'dst hardly gang,  
Or lisp out Words, I choos'd ye frae the Thrang  
Of a' the Bairns, and led thee by the Hand,  
Aft to the Tansy-know or rashy Strand;  
Thou smiling by my Side---I took Delyte  
To pou the Rashes green, with Roots sae whyte,  
Of which, as well as my young Fancy cou'd,  
For thee I plet the flow'ry Belt and Snood.

*Peggy.* When first thou gade with Shepherds to the Hill,  
And I to milk the Ews first try'd my Skill,  
To bear a Leglen was nae Toil to me,  
When at the Bought at Even I met with thee.

S A N G X. *Tune,* Winter was cauld, and my  
Cleathing was thin.

P E G G Y.

*When first my dear Laddie gade to the Green Hill,  
And I at Ew-milking first sey'd my young Skill,  
To bear the Milk-bowie, no Pain was to me,  
When I at the Boughting forgather'd with thee.*

P A T I E.

*When Corn-riggs wav'd yellow, and blew Hether-bells  
Bloom'd bonny on Moorland and sweet rising Fells,  
Nae Birns, Brier, or Breckens, gave Trouble to me,  
If I found the Berries right ripen'd for thee.*

P E G G Y. *When*



24 The GENTLE SHEPHERD:

PEGGY.

*When thou ran, or wrestled, or putted the Stane,  
And came aff the Victor, my Heart was ay fain:  
Thy ilka Sport manly gave Pleasure to me;  
For nane can put, wrestle, or run swift as thee.*

PATIE.

*Our Jenny sings saftly the Cowdon Broom-knows,  
And Rosie liltis sweetly the Milking the Ews;  
There's few Jenny Nettles like Nanfy can sing,  
At Throw the Wood Laddie, Bef's gars our Lugs ring:  
But when my dear Peggy sings with better Skill,  
The Boatman, Tweed-side, or the Lafs of the Mill,  
'Tis many Times sweeter and pleasing to me;  
For tho' they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.*

PEGGY.

*How easy can Lassies trow what they desire?  
And Praises sae kindly increases Love's Fire;  
Give me still this Pleasure, my Study shall be  
To make my self better and sweeter for thee.*

*Patie. When Corns grew yellow, and the Hether Bell  
Bloom'd bonny on the Moor and rising Fells,  
Nae Birns, or Briers, or Whins e'er troubled me:  
Gif I cou'd find blae Berries ripe for thee.*

*Peggy. When thou didst wrestle, run, or putt the Stane  
And wan the Day, my Heart was flightering fain:  
At all these Sports thou still gave Joy to me;  
For nane can wrestle, run, or putt with thee.*

*Patie. Jenny sings saft the Broom of Cowdon Knows  
And Rosie liltis the Milking of the Ews;  
There's nane, like Nansie, Jenny Nettles sings:  
At Turns in Maggy Lawder, Marion dings:  
But when my Peggy sings with sweeter Skill  
The Boatman, or the Lafs of Patie's Mill;  
It is a Thousand Times mair sweet to me,  
Tho' they sing well, they canna sing like thee.*

*Peggy. How*

A PASTORAL COMEDY.

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*Peggy.* How eith can Lassies trow what we desire,  
And roos'd, by them we love, blows up that Fire:  
But wha loves best, let Time and Carriage try;  
Be constant, and my Love shall Time defy.  
Be still as now, and a' my Care shall be,  
How to contrive what pleasant is for thee.

*Patie.* Wert thou a Giglit Gawky like the lave,  
That little better than our Nowt behave.  
At naught they'll farley,---senseless Tales believe,  
Be blyth for silly Hechts, for Trifles grieve---  
Sic ne'er could win my Heart, that kenna how  
Either to keep a Prize, or yet prove true.  
But thou in better Sense, without a Flaw,  
As in thy Beauty, far excels them a'.  
Continue kind, and a' my Care shall be,  
How to contrive what pleasing is for thee.

*Peggy.* Agreed;---but harken, yon's auld Aunty's Cry,  
I ken they'll wonder what can make us stay.

*Patie.* And let them ferly,---now a kindly Kiss,  
Or Fivescore good anes wad not be a-miss;  
And syne we'll sing the Song with tunefu' Glee,  
That I made up last Owk on you and me.

*Peggy.* Sing first, syne claim your Hyre-----

*Patie.* ----- Well I agree.

S A N G XI. To its own Tune.

PATIE [*sings.*]

*By the delicious Warmness of thy Mouth,  
And rowing Eye that smiling tells the Truth,  
I guess, my Lassie, that as well as I,  
Ye're made for Love, and why should ye deny?*

PEGGY [*sings.*]

*But ken ye, Lad, gif we confess o'er soon,  
Ye think us cheap, and syne the Wooing's done:  
The Maiden that o'er quickly tynes her Pow'r,  
Like unripe Fruit will taste but hard and sour.*

D

PATIE [*sings.*]

PATIE [*sings.*]

*But gin they hing o'er lang upon the Tree,  
Their Sweetness they may tine, and sae may ye.  
Red-cheeked ye compleatly ripe appear,  
And I have thol'd and woo'd a lang Haf-year.*

PEGGY [*sings, falling into Patie's Arms.*]

*Then dinna pow me, gently thus I fa'  
Into my Patie's Arms, for good and a':  
But stint your Wishes to this kind Embrace,  
And mint nae farther, till we've got the Grace.*

PATIE [*with his left Hand about her Waist.*]

*O charming Armsfu', hence ye Cares away,  
I'll kiss my Treasure a' the live-lang Day,  
All Night I'll dream my Kisses o'er again,  
Till that Day come that ye'll be a' my ain.*

Sung by both.

*Sun, gallop down the westlin Skies,  
Gang soon to Bed, and quickly rise;  
O lash your Steeds, post Time away,  
And haste about our Bridal-Day;  
And if you're weary'd, honest Light,  
Sleep, gin ye like, a Week that Night.*

[Let down the Curtain, and let them kiss.]



ACT



## ACT III. SCENE I.

## PROLOGUE.

*Now turn your Eyes beyond yon spreading Lyme,  
And tent a Man whose Beard seems bleech'd with Time;  
An Elwand fills his Hand, his Habit mean,  
Nae Doubt ye'll think he has a Pedler been:  
But whilst it is the Knight in Masquerade,  
That comes hid in this Cloud to see his Lad.  
Observe how pleas'd the loyal Suff'rer moves  
Throw his auld Av'news, anes delightfu' Groves.*

Sir WILLIAM *solus.*

**T**HE Gentleman, thus hid in low Disguise,  
I'll for a Space, unknown, delight mine Eyes  
With a full View of ev'ry fertile Plain,  
Which once I lost,---which now are mine again.  
Yet, 'midst my Joys, some Prospects Pain renew,  
Whilst I my once fair Seat in Ruins view.  
Yonder, ah me! it desolately stands,  
Without a Roof, the Gates faln from their Bands;  
The Casements all broke down, no Chimney left,  
The naked Walls of Tap'stry all bereft.  
My Stables and Pavilions, broken Walls!  
That with each rainy Blast decaying falls.  
My Gardens once adorn'd the most compleat  
With all that Nature, all that Art makes sweet:  
Where round the figur'd Green and pebble Walks,  
The dewy Flow'rs hung nodding on their Stalks:  
But overgrown with Nettles, Docks and Brier,  
No *Jaccacincths* or *Eglantines* appear.  
How fail'd and broke's the rising ample Shade,  
Where *Peach* and *Nell'rine* Trees their Branches spred,  
Basking in Rays, and early did produce  
Fruit fair to View, delightful in the Use;



28      *The* GENTLE SHEPHERD :

All round in Gaps, the Walls in Ruin lie,  
 And from what stands the wither'd Branches fly.  
 These soon shall be repair'd ;---and now my Joy  
 Forbids all Grief,---when I'm to see my B O Y,  
 My only Prop, and Object of my Care,  
 Since Heaven too soon call'd home his Mother fair :  
 Him, e'er the Rays of Reason clear'd his Thought,  
 I secretly to faithful Symon brought,  
 And charg'd him strictly to conceal his Birth,  
 Till we should see what changing Times brought forth.  
 Hid from himself, he starts up by the Dawn,  
 And ranges careless o'er the Height and Lawn,  
 After his fleecy Charge serenely gay,  
 With other Shepherds whistling o'er the Day.  
 Thrice happy Life! that's from Ambition free,  
 Remov'd from Crowns and Courts, how cheerfully  
 A quiet, contented Mortal, spends his Time  
 In hearty Health, his Soul unstain'd with Crime.

S A N G   XII.      *Tune, Happy Clown.*

*Hid from himself, now by the Dawn  
 He starts as fresh as Roses blawn,  
 And ranges o'er the Heights and Lawn,  
 After his bleeting Flocks.  
 Healthful, and innocently gay,  
 He chants and whistles out the Day;  
 Untaught to smile, and then betray,  
 Like Courthy Weathercocks.*

*Life happy from Ambition free,  
 Envy and vile Hypocrisie,  
 When Truth and Love with Joy agree,  
 Unsell'd with a Crime :  
 Unmov'd with what disturbs the Great,  
 In propping of their Pride and State,  
 He lives, and unafraid of Fate,  
 Contented spends his Time.*

Now

A PASTORAL COMEDY. 29

Now tow'rd's good *Symon's House* I'll bend my Way,  
And see what makes yon Gamboling to Day,  
All on the Green, in a fair wanton Ring,  
My youthful Tenants gaylie dance and sing.

[Exit *Sir William*.]

S C E N E II.

P R O L O G U E.

'Tis *Symon's House*, please to step in,  
And vissy't round and round,  
There's nought superfluous to give Pain,  
Or costly to be found.  
Yet all is clean: A clear Peat Ingle  
Glances amidst the Floor;  
The Green-Horn Spoons, Beech-Luggies mingle  
On Skelfs foregainst the Door.  
While the young Brood sport on the Green,  
The auld anes think it best,  
With the Brown Cow to clear their Een,  
Snuff, crack, and take their Rest.

S Y M O N, G L A U D, and E L S P A.

*Glaud.* **W**E anes were young our fells---I like to see  
The Bairns bob round with other merrylie,  
Troth, *Symon*, *Patie's* grown a strapan Lad,  
And better Looks than his I never bade.  
Amang our Lads he bears the Gree awa',  
And tells his Tale the cleverest of them a'.

*Elspa.* Poor Man!--he's a great Comfort to to us baith;  
God mak him good, and hide him ay frae Skaith.  
He is a Bairn, I'll say't, well worth our Care,  
That gae us ne'er Vexation late or air.

*Glaud.* I trow, Goodwife, if I be not mistane,  
He seems to be with *Peggy's* Beauty tane,  
And troth, my Niece is a right dainty Wean,  
As ye well ken; a bonnyer needna be,  
Nor better,---be't she were nae Kin to me.

D 3

*Symon.* Ha,

30      *The GENTLE SHEPHERD:*

*Symon.* Ha, *Glaud*! I doubt that ne'er will be a Match,  
My *Patie*'s wild, and will be ill to catch;  
And or he were, for Reasons I'll no tell,  
I'd rather be mixt with the Mools my sell.

*Glaud.* What Reason can ye have, there's nane I'm sure,  
Unless ye may cast up that she's but poor:  
But gif the *Lassie* marry to my Mind,  
I'll be to her as my anc *Jenny* kind;  
Fourscore of breeding Ews of my ain Birn,  
Five Ky that at ae Milking fills a Kirn,  
I'll gie to *Peggy* that Day she's a Bride;  
By and attour, if my good Luck abide,  
Ten Lambs, at spaining Time, as lang's I live,  
And twa Quey Cawfs I'll yearly to them give.

*Elspa.* Ye offer fair, kind *Glaud*, but dinna speer  
What may be is not fit ye yet should hear.

*Symon.* Or this Day Eight Days likely he shall learn,  
That our Denial disna slight his Bairn.

*Glaud.* Well nae mair o't,—come gi's the other Bend,  
We'll drink their Healths, whatever way it end.

[*Their Healths gae round.*]

*Symon.* But will ye tell me, *Glaud*,---by some 'tis said,  
Your Niece is but a *Fundling*, that was laid  
Down at your Hallon Side, ae Morn in *May*,  
Right clean row'd up, and bedded on dry Hay.

*Glaud.* That clatteran *Madge*, my Titty, tells sic Flaws,  
Whene'er our *Meg* her cankart Humour gaws.

*Enter JENNY.*

*Jenny.* O Father, there's an auld Man on the Green,  
The fellest Fortune-teller e'er was seen:  
He tents our Loofs, and syne whops out a Book,  
Turns owre the Leaves, and gies our Brows a Look:  
Syne tells the oddest Tales that e'er ye heard.  
His Head is gray, and lang and gray his Beard.

*Symon.* Gae bring him in, we'll hear what he can say,  
Nane shall gang hungry by my Houfe to Day.

*Exit Jenny.*

But for his telling Fortunes, troth, I fear  
He kens nae mair of that than my Gray Mear.

*Glaud.* Spae.

A PASTORAL COMEDY. 31

*Glaud.* Spae-mēn! the Truth of a' their Saws I doubt,  
For greater Liars never ran thereout.

[Returns Jenny, bringing in Sir William;  
[with them Patie.

*Symon.* Ye're welcome, honest Carle--here, take a Seat.

*Sir Will.* I give ye Thanks, Goodman, Ise no be blate.

*Glaud.* [drinks.] Come, t'ye, Friend---How far cam ye  
the Day?

*Sir Will.* I pledge ye, Nibour, e'en but little Way:  
Rousted with Eild, a wie Piece Gate' seems lang,  
Twa Miles or Three's the maist that I dow gang.

*Symon.* Ye're welcome here to stay all Night with me,  
And take sic Bed and Board as we can gi'e.

*Sir Will.* That's kind, unsought--well, gin ye have a Bairn  
That ye like well, and wad his Fortune learn,  
I shall employ the farthest of my Skill  
To spae it faithfully, be't good or ill.

*Symon.* [pointing to Patie.] Only that Lad----alack!  
I have nae mae,

Either to make me joyful now or wae.

*Sir Will.* Young Man, let's see your Hand--- what gars  
ye sneer?

*Patie.* Because your Skill's but little worth, I fear.

*Sir Will.* Ye cut before the Point---But Billy byde,  
I'll wager there's a Moufe-Mark on your Side.

*Elspa.* Betootch-us-to! and well I wat that's true,  
Awa, awa, the Deel's owre grit wi' you.  
Four Inch aneath his Oxter is the Mark,  
Scarce ever seen since he first wore a Sark.

*Sir Will.* I'll tell ye mair, if this young Lad be spair'd  
But a short while, he'll be a braw rich Laird.

*Elspa.* A Laird!--Hear ye, Goodman--what think ye now?

*Symon.* I dinna ken! strange auld Man, what art thou?  
Fair fa' your Heart, 'tis good to bode of Wealth,  
Come, turn the Timmer to Laird Patie's Health.

[Patie's Health gaes round.

*Patie.* A Laird of twa good Whistles, and a Kent,  
Twa Curs my trusty Tenants on the Bent,  
Is all my great Estate--and like to be;  
Sac, cunning Carle, ne'er break your Jokes on me.

*Symon.* Whisht,



32      *The* GENTLE SHEPHERD:

*Symon.* Whisht, *Patie*--let the Man look owre your Hand,  
Aftymes as broken a Ship has come to Land.

[*Sir William looks a littte at Patie's Hand,*  
*then counterfeits falling into a Trance,*  
*while they endeavour to lay him right.*]

*Elspa.* Preserve's!--the Man's a Warlock, or posselt  
With some nae good, or second Sight at least,  
Where is he now?-----

*Glaud.* -----He's seeing a that's done  
In ilka Place, beneath or yont the Moon.

*Elspa.* These second-sighted Fowks, his Peace be here  
See Things far aff, and Things to come, as clear  
As I can see my Thumb---wow! can he tell?  
(Speer at him soon as he comes to himsel)  
How soon we'll see *Sir William*. Whisht, he heaves,  
And speaks out broken Words like ane that raves.

*Symon.* He'll soon grow better,--- *Elspa* haste ye gae  
And fill him up a Tals of *Ufquebae*.

*Sir Will.* [*starts up and speaks.*]

- " A *Knight* that for a LYON fought
- " Against a Herd of Bears,
- " Was to lang Toil and Trouble brought,
- " In which some Thousands shares:
- " But now again the LYON rares,
- " And Joy spreads o'er the Plain,
- " The LYON has defeat the Bears,
- " The *Knight* returns again.
- " The *Knight* in a few Days shall bring
- " A Shepherd frae the Fauld;
- " And shall present him to the King,
- " A Subject true and bauld.
- " He *Mr. Patrick* shall be call'd-----
- " All you that hear me now,
- " May well believe what I have tald,
- " For it shall happen true.

*Symon.* Friend, may your Spacing happen soon and  
weel;  
But, Faith, I'm redd you've bargain'd with the Deel,

To

To tell some Tales that Fowks wad secret keep,  
Or do you get them tald you in your Sleep.

*Sir Will.* Howe'er I get them, never fash your Beard,  
Nor come I to redd Fortunes for Reward:  
But I'll lay Ten to Ane with ony here,  
That all I prophesy shall soon appear.

*Symon.* You prophesying Fowks are odd kind Men!  
They're here that ken, and here that disna ken  
The wimpled Meaning of your unko Tale,  
Whilk soon will mak a Noife o'er Moor and Dale.

*Glaud.* 'Tis nae sma' Sport to hear how *Sym* believes,  
And taks't for Gospel what the Spae-man gives  
Of Flawing Fortunes, whilk he evens to *Pate*:  
But what we wish we trow at ony Rate.

*Sir Will.* Whisht! doubtfu' Carl, for e'er the Sun  
Has driven twice down to the Sea,  
What I have said, ye shall see done  
In Part, or nae mair credit me.

*Glaud.* Well, be't sae, Friend; I shall say naithing mair,  
But I have twa sonfy Lasses young and fair,  
Plump ripe for Men: I wish ye cou'd foresee  
Sic Fortunes for them might bring Joy to me.

*Sir Will.* Nae mair through Secrets can I sift,  
Till Darknes black the Bent,  
I have but anes a Day that Gift;  
Sae rest a while content.

*Symon.* *Elspa*, cast on the Claith, fetch butt some Meat,  
And, of your best, gar this auld Stranger eat.

*Sir Will.* Delay a while your hospitable Care,  
I'd rather enjoy this Evening calm and fair  
Around yon ruin'd Tower, to fetch a Walk  
With you, kind Friend, to have some private Talk.

*Symon.* Soon as you please I'll answer your Desire----  
And, *Glaud*, you'll tak your Pipe beside the Fire;  
We'll but gae round the Place, and soon be back,  
Syne sup together, and tak your Pint, and Crack.

*Glaud.* I'll out a Space, and see the young anes play,  
My Heart's still light, abeit my Locks be gray.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E

## S C E N E III.

## P R O L O G U E.

*Jenny pretends an Errand bame,  
 Young Roger draps the rest,  
 To whisper out his melting Flame,  
 And thow his Lassie's Breast.  
 Behind a Bush, well bid frae Sight they meet.  
 See Jenny's laughing, Roger's like to greet.  
 Poor Shepherd!*

## R O G E R    and    J E N N Y.

*Roger.* **D**EAR *Jenny*, I wad speak t'ye wad ye let,  
 And yet I eigh ye'r ay sae scornfu' set.

*Jenny.* And what wad *Roger* say, if he cou'd speak;  
 Am I oblig'd to guess what ye'r to seek?

*Roger.* Yes, ye may guess, right eith for what I grein,  
 Baith by my Service, Sighs, and langing Een:  
 And I maun out wi't, tho' I risk your Scorn,  
 Ye're never frae my Thoughts baith Even and Morn.  
 Ah! cou'd I loo ye less, I'd happy be,  
 But happier far! cou'd ye but fancy me.

*Jenny.* And wha kens, honest Lad, but that I may?  
 Ye canna say, that e'er I said ye nay.

*Roger.* Alake! my frightened Heart begins to fail,  
 Whene'er I mint to tell ye out my Tale,  
 For fear some tighter Lad, mair rich than I,  
 Has win your Love, and near your Heart may lie.

*Jenny.* I loo my Father, Cusin *Meg* I love;  
 But to this Day, nae Man my Heart could move;  
 Except my Kin, ilk Lad's alyke to me;  
 And frae ye all I best had keep me free.

*Roger.* How lang, dear *Jenny*,—sayna that again,  
 What Pleasure can ye tak in giving Pain?  
 I'm glad however that ye yet stand free,  
 Wha kens but ye may rew, and pity me?

*Jenny.* Ye have my Pity else, to see you sit  
 On that whilk makes our Sweetness soon foryet.

Wow!

Wow! but we're bony, good, and every thing!  
 How sweet we breathe, whene'er we kils or sing!  
 But we're nae sooner Fools to give Consent,  
 Than we our Daffine, and tint Power repent:  
 When prison'd in four Waws a Wife right tame,  
 Altho' the first, the greatest Drudge at Hame.

*Roger.* That only happens, when for Sake of Gear,  
 Ane wales a Wife, as he wad buy a Mare:  
 Or when dull Parents Bairns together bind  
 Of different Tempers, that can ne'er prove kind.

But Love, true downright Love, engages me,  
 (Tho' thou should scorn) still to delight in thee.

*Jenny.* What saggard Words frae Wooers Lips can fa'!  
 But girning Marriage comes and ends them a'.  
 I've seen with shining fair the Morning rise,  
 And soon the sleety Clouds mirk a' the Skies.  
 I've seen the Silver Spring a while rin clear,  
 And soon in Mossy Puddles disappear.  
 The Bridegroom may rejoyce, the Bride may smile;  
 But soon Contentions a' their Joys beguile.

*Roger.* I've seen the Morning rise with fairest Light,  
 The Day unclouded, sink in calmest Night.  
 I've seen the Spring run wimpling throw the Plain,  
 Increase and join the Ocean, without Stain.  
 The Bridegroom may be blyth, the Bride may smile;  
 Rejoyce throw Life, and all your Fears beguile.

S A N G XIII. Tune, Leith-Wynd.

J E N N Y.

*Were I assur'd you'll constant prove,  
 You should nae mair complain,  
 The easy Maid, beset with Love,  
 Few Words will quickly gain;  
 For I must own, now since you're free,  
 This too fond Heart of mine  
 Has lang, a Black-sole true to thee,  
 Wish'd to be pair'd with thine.*

R O G E R.



ROGER.

*I'm happy now, ah! let my Head  
 Upon thy Breast recline!  
 The Pleasure strikes me near-band dead;  
 Is Jenny then sae kind?-----  
 O let me brifs thee to my Heart!  
 And round my Arms entwine:  
 Delytful Thought, we'll never part!  
 Come press thy Mouth to mine.*

*Jenny.* Were I but sure ye lang wou'd Love maintain,  
 The fewest Words my easy Heart could gain:  
 For I mawn own, since now at last you're free,  
 Altho' I jok'd, I lov'd your Company;  
 And ever had a Warmness in my Breast,  
 That made ye dearer to me than the rest.

*Roger.* I'm happy now! o'er happy! had my Head!----  
 This Gush of Pleasure's like to be my Deid.  
 Come to my Arms! or strike me! I'm all fyr'd  
 With wondering Love! let's kifs till we be tyr'd.  
 Kifs, kifs! we'll kifs the Sun and Starns away,  
 And ferly at the quick return of Day!  
 O *Jenny*! let my Arms about thee twine  
 And brifs thy bony Breasts and Lips to mine.

[*They embrace.*]

*Jenny.* With equal Joy my faster Heart does yield,  
 To own thy well-try'd Love has won the Field.  
 Now by these warmest Kisses thou has tane,  
 Swear thus to love me, when by Vows made ane.

*Roger.* I swear by Fifty Thousand yet to come,  
 Or may the first ane strike me deaf and dumb;  
 There shall not be a kyndlier dawted Wife,  
 If you agree with me to lead your Life.

*Jenny.* Well, I agree---neist to my Parent gae,  
 Get his Consent,---he'll hardly say ye nay.  
 Ye have what will commend ye to him well,  
 Auld Fowks like them that wants na Milk and Meal.

S A N G

S A N G XIV. Tune, O'er Bogie.

Well, I agree, ye're sure of me;  
 Next to my Father gae:  
 Make him content to give Consent,  
 He'll hardly say you nay:  
 For ye have what he wad be at,  
 And will commend you well,  
 Since Parents auld think Love grows cauld  
 Where Bairns want Milk and Meal.

Should he deny, I care na by,  
 He'd contradict in vain.  
 Tho' a' my Kin had said and sworn,  
 But thee I will have nane.  
 Then never range, nor learn to change,  
 Like these in high Degree:  
 And if you prove faithful in Love,  
 You'll find nae Fault in me.

Roger. My Faults contain twice Fifteen sorrow Nowt,  
 As mony Newcal in my Bayers rowt:  
 Five Pack of Woo I can at Lammass sell,  
 Shorn frae my bob-tail'd Bleeters on the Fell.  
 Good Twenty Pair of Blankets for our Bed,  
 With meikle Care, my thrifty Mither made.  
 Ilk Thing that makes a handsome House and tight  
 Was still her Care, my Father's great Delight.  
 They left me all, which now gi'es Joy to me,  
 Because I can give a', my Dear, to thee.  
 And had I Fifty Times as mickle mair,  
 Nane but my Jenny shou'd the samen skair.  
 My Love and all is yours, now had them fast,  
 And guide them as ye like, to gar them last.

Jenny. I'll do my best, but see wha gangs this Way,  
 Patie and Meg---besides I maunna stay;  
 Let's steal frae ither now, and meet the Morn,  
 If we be seen, we'll dree a deal of Scorn.

E

Roger. To

38      *The* GENTLE SHEPHERD:

*Roger.* To where the Saugh-tree shades the Mennin-pool,  
I'll frae the Hill come down, when Day grows cool;  
Keep Tryst, and meet me there, there let us meet,  
To kifs and tell our Loves; there's nought sae sweet.

S C E N E IV.

P R O L O G U E.

*This Scene presents the Knight and Sim  
Within a Galery of the Place,  
Where all looks ruinous and grim,  
Nor has the Baron shown his Face;  
But joking with his Shepherd leel,  
Aft speers the Gate he kens fu' well.*

*Sir WILLIAM and SYMON.*

*Sir Will.* **T**O whom belongs this House, so much  
decay'd?

*Symon.* To ane that lost it, lending gen'rous Aid,  
To bear the Head up, when rebellious Tail  
Against the Laws of Nature did prevail.  
*Sir William* *Worthy* is our Master's Name,  
Wha fills us all with Joy, now *He's come Hame.*

P R O L O G U E.

*Sir William draps his masking Beard;  
Symon, transported, sees  
The welcome Knight, with fond Regard,  
And grasps him round the Knees.*

My Master! my dear Master!----do I breath!  
To see him healthy, strong, and free frae Skaith!  
Return'd to cheer his wishing Tenants Sight!  
To bless his SON, my Charge, the World's Delight.  
*Sir Will.* Rise, faithful *Symon*, in my Arms enjoy  
A Place, thy Due, kind Guardian of my Boy:  
I came to view thy Care in this Disguise,  
And am confirm'd thy Conduct has been wise;

Since

Since still the Secret thou'st securely seal'd,  
And ne'er to him his real Birth reveal'd.

*Symon.* The due Obedience to your strict Command  
Was the first Lock----neist my ane Judgment fand  
Out Reasons plenty-----Since, without Estate,  
A Youth, tho' sprung frae Kings, looks baugh and blate.

*Sir Will.* And aften vain and idly spend their Time,  
'Till grown unfit for Action, past their Prime,  
Hang on their Friends-----which gi'es their Souls a Cast,  
That turns them downright Beggars at the last.

*Symon.* Now, well I wat, Sir, ye have spoken true;  
For there's Laird *Kytie's* Son, that's loo'd by few.

His Father steght his Fortune in his Wame,  
And left his Heir nought but a gentle Name:  
He gangs about sornan frae Place to Place,  
As scrimp of Manners as of Sense and Grace,  
Oppressing all as Punishment of their Sin  
That are within his Tenth Degree of Kin:  
Rins in ilk Trader's Debt, wha's sae unjust  
To his ane Fam'lie as to give him Trust.

*Sir Will.* Such useles Branches of a Common-Wealth  
Should be lopt off, to give a State mair Health.  
Unworthy bare Reflection---*Symon*, run  
O'er all your Observations on my Son;  
A Parent's Fondness easily finds Excuse,  
But do not with Indulgence Truth abuse.

*Symon.* To speak his Praise, the longest Simmer Day  
Wad be owre short--- cou'd I them right display.  
In Word and Deed he can sae well behave,  
That out of Sight he runs before the lave:  
And when there's e'er a Quarrel or Contest,  
*Patrick's* made Judge, to tell whase Cause is best,  
And his Decree stands good---he'll gar it stand:  
Wha dares to grumble finds his correcting Hand,  
With a firm Look, and a commanding Way,  
He gars the proudest of our Herds obey.

*Sir Will.* Your Tale much pleases----my good Friend,  
proceed:  
What Learning has he? can he write and read?



40 The GENTLE SHEPHERD:

*Symon.* Baith wonder well; for, troth, I didna spare  
To gie him at the School enough of Lair;  
And he delysts in Books---He reads and speaks  
With Fowks that ken them, *Latin Words and Greeks.*

*Sir Will.* Where gets he Books to read---and of what Kind?  
Tho' some give Light, some blindly lead the Blind.

*Symon.* Whene'er he drives our Sheep to *Edenburgh Port*,  
He buys some Books of History, Sangs or Sport;  
Nor does he want of them a Rowth at Will,  
And carries ay a Poutchfu' to the Hill.

About ane *Shakespear* and a famous *Ben*,  
He aften speaks, and ca's them best of Men.

How sweetly *Hawthrenden* and *Sterling* sing,

And ane caw'd *Cowley*, loyal to his King,

He kens fou well, and gars their Verses ring.

I sometimes thought, that he made o'er great Frase  
About fine Poems, Histories and Plays.

When I reprov'd him anes---a Book he brings,  
With this, quoth he, on Braes I crack with Kings,

*Sir Will.* He answer'd well; and much ye glad my Ear,  
When such Accounts I of my Shepherd hear:  
Reading such Books can raise a Peasant's Mind  
Above a Lord's, that is not thus inclin'd.

*Symon.* What ken we better, that sae findle look,  
Except on rainy *Sundays*, on a Book?

When we a Leaf or twa haf read, haf spell,  
'Till a' the rest sleep round as well's our sell.

*Sir Will.* Well jested, *Symon*,---but one Question more,  
I'll only ask ye now, and then give o'er.

The Youth's arriv'd the Age, when little Loves  
Flighter around young Hearts, like cooing Doves;

Has no young Lassie, with inviting Mein

And rose Cheek, the Wonder of the Green,

Engag'd his Look, and caught his youthful Heart?

*Symon.* I fear'd the warst, but kend the smallest Part,  
Till late I saw him twa three Times mair sweet

{With *Gland's* fair Niece) than I thought right or meet.

I had my Fears; but now have nought to fear,

Since like your self, your Son will soon soon appear,

A Gentle-

A Gentleman enrich'd with all these Charms,  
May bless the fairest, best-born Lady's Arms.

Sir Will. This Night must end his unambitious Fire,  
When higher Views shall greater Thoughts inspire.

Go, Symon, bring him quickly here to me,  
None but your self shall our first Meeting see.

Yonder's my Horse and Servant nigh at Hand,  
They come just at the Time I gave Command:

Straight in my own Apparel I'll go dress;  
Now ye the Secret may to all confess.

Symon. With how much Joy I on this Errand flee,  
There's none can know that is not down-right me.

[Exit Symon.]

Sir William solus. Whene'er th' Event of Hopes Success  
appears,

One happy Hour cancels the Toil of Years.

A Thousand Toils are lost in Lethe's Stream,

And Cares vanish like a Morning Dream;

When wish'd-for Pleasures rise like Morning Light,

The Pain that's past enhances the Delight.

These Joys I feel, that Words can ill express,

I ne'er had known, without my late Distress.

But from his rustick Business and Love,

I must, in haste, my Patrick soon remove,

To Courts and Camps that may his Soul improve:

Like the rough Diamond, as it leaves the Mine,

Only in little Breakings shews its Light,

Till artful Polishing has made it shine:

Thus Education makes the Genius bright.

S A N G XV. Tune, Wat ye wha I met Yestreen.

Now from Rusticity, and Love,

Whose Flames but over lowly burn,

My Gentle Shepherd must be drove,

His Soul must take another Turn:

As the rough Diamond, from the Mine,

In Breakings only shews its Light,

'Till Polishing has made it shine,

Thus Learning makes the Genius bright.

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# ACT IV. SCENE I.

## PROLOGUE.

*The Scene describ'd in former Page,  
Glaud's Onset-----Enter Maufe and Madge.*

*Maufe.* OUR Laird come hame! and owns young  
Pate his Heir,

That's News indeed!-----

*Madge.* ---As true as ye stand there.  
As they were dancing all in *Symon's* Yard,  
Sir *William*, like a Warlock, with a Beard,  
Five Nives in Length, and white as driven Snaw,  
Amang us came, cry'd, *Had ye merry a'.*  
We ferly'd mickle at his unco Look,  
While frae his Poutch he whirl'd forth a Book.  
As we stood roundabout him on the Green,  
He view'd us a', but fix'd on *Pate* his Een;  
Then pawkylic pretended he cou'd spae,  
Yet for his Pains and Skill wad naithing hae.

*Maufe.* Then sure the Lasses, and ilk gaping Coof,  
Wad rin about him, and had out their Loof.

*Madge.* As fast as Fleas skip to the Tate of Woo,  
Whilk see Tod *Lawrie* hads without his Mow,  
When he to drown them, and his Hips to cool,  
In Summer Days slides backward in a Pool:  
In short he did for *Pate* braw Things fortel,  
Without the Help of Conjuring or Spell;  
At last, when well diverted, he withdrew,  
Pou'd aff his Beard to *Symon*, *Symon* knew  
His welcome Master;---round his Knees he gat,  
Hang at his Coat, and syne for Blythness grat.  
*Patrick* was sent for---happy Lad is, he!  
*Symon* tald *Elspa*, *Elspa* tald it me.

Ye'll hear out a' the secret Story soon;  
 And troth 'tis e'en right odd when a' is done,  
 To think how *Symon* ne'er afore wad tell,  
 Na, no sae meikle as to *Pate* himsell.

Our *Meg*, poor Thing, alake! has lost her Jo.

*Mause*. It may be sae, wha kens, and may be no.  
 To lift a Love that's rooted, is great Pain:  
 Even Kings has tane a Queen out of the Plain,  
 And what has been before, may be again.

*Madge*. Sic Nonsense! Love tak Root, bot Tocher-  
 good,

'Tween a Herd's Bairn, and ane of gentle Blood:  
 Sic Fashions in King *BRUCE*'s Days might be;  
 But siccan Ferlies now we never see.

*Mause*. Gif *Pate* forsakes her, *Bauldy* she may gain,  
 Yonder he comes, and wow! but he looks fain,  
 Nae Doubt he thinks that *Peggy*'s now his ain.

*Madge*. He get her! slaverin Doof! it sets him well  
 To yoke a Plough where *Patrick* thought to teil!  
 Gif I were *Meg*, I'd let young Master see---

*Mause*. Ye'd be as dorty in your Choice as he;  
 And so wad I: But whisht! here *Bauldy* comes.

*Enter Bauldy [singing.]*

*Jocky* said to *Jenny*, *Jenny* wilt thou do't,  
 Ne'er a Fit, quoth *Jenny*, for my Tocher-good;  
 For my Tocher-good, I winna marry thee,  
 E'en's ye like, quoth *Jocky*, ye may let it be.

*Madge*. Well liltit, *Bauldy*, that's a dainty Sang.  
*Bauldy*. I'll gie ye't a', 'tis better than 'tis lang.

*[sings again.]*

I hae Gowd and Gear, I have Land enough,  
 I have seven good Owfen ganging in a Pleugh;  
 Ganging in a Pleugh, and linkan o'er the Lee,  
 And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

I hae a good Ha' House, a Barn and a Bayer,  
 A Peatstack fore the Door, we'll make a rantin Fire;  
 I'll make a rantin Fire, and merry fall we be,  
 And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

*Jenny*



*Jenny said to Jocky, gin ye winna tell,  
Ye shall be the Lad, I'll be the Lass my sell;  
Ye're a bony Lad, and I'm a Lassie free;  
Ye're welcomer to tak me, than to let me be.*

I trow sae,--- Lassies will come to at last,  
Tho' for awhile, they maun their Snaw-baws cast.

*Maufe.* Well *Bauldy*, how gae a'. -----

*Bauldy.*----- Faith unco right:

I hope we'll a' sleep sound, but ane, this Night.

*Madge.* And wha's th' unlucky ane, if we may ask?

*Bauldy.* To find out that, is nae difficult Task.

Poor bony *Peggy*, wha maun think nae mair  
On *Pate* turn'd *Patrick*, and Sir *William's* Heir.  
Now, now, good *Madge*, and honest *Maufe*, stand be,  
While *Meg's* in Dumps, put in a Word for me,  
I'll be as kind as ever *Pate* could prove;  
Lefs wilfull, and ay constant in my Love.

*Madge.* As *Neps* can witness, and the bushy Thorn,  
Where mony a Time to her your Heart was sworn.

Fy *Bauldy* blush, and Vows of Love regard;

What other Lafs will trow a mansworn Herd?

The Curse of Heaven hings ay aboon their Heads,  
Thar's ever guilty of sic sinfu' Deeds.

I'll ne'er advise my Niece sae gray a Gate,  
Nor will she be advis'd fou well I wate.

*Bauldy.* Sae gray a Gate! Mansworn! and a' the rest;  
Ye leed, auld Roudes,----and in faith had best  
Eat in your Words, else I shall gar you stand  
With a het Face afore the haly Band.

*Madge.* Ye'll gar me stand! ye sheveling-gabit Brock,  
Speak that again, and trembling dread my Rock,  
And Ten sharp Nails, that when my Hands are in,  
Can fyp the Skin o'ye'r Cheeks out-o'er your Chin.

*Bauldy.* I tak ye Witness, *Maufe*, ye heard her say,  
That I'm mansworn,---- I winna let it gae.

*Madge.* Ye're Witness to, he ca'd me bony Names,  
And should be serv'd as his good Breeding claims.

Ye filthy Dog!----- [Flees to his Hair like a  
Fury---A stout Battle---*Maufe* endeavours to redd them.]

*Maufe.* Let

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*Mause.* Let gang your Grips, fy *Madge* ! howt *Bauldy* leen,

I wadna wi' this Tuilzie had been seen ;  
'Tis sae daft like.-----

[*Bauldy gets out of Madge's Clutches, with a bleeding Nose.*]

*Madge.* -----'Tis dafter-like to thole  
An Ether-cap like him, to blaw the Coal.  
It sets him well with vile unscrapit Tongue,  
To cast up whether I be auld or young ;  
They're aulder yet than I have married been,  
And, or they died, their Bairns Bairns have seen.

*Mause.* That's true, and *Bauldy* ye was far to blame,  
To ca' *Madge* ought but her ain christen'd Name.

*Bauldy.* My Luggs, my Nose, and Nodle finds the same.

*Madge.* Auld Roudes ! Filthy Fallow, I shall auld ye.

*Mause.* Howt no ;----ye'll e'en be Friends with honest

*Bauldy* :

Come, come, shake Hands ; this maun nae farder gae :  
Ye maun forgi'e'm : I see the Lad looks wae.

*Bauldy.* In troth now *Mause*, I have at *Madge* nae Spite ;  
But she abusing first was a' the Wyte  
Of what has happen'd, and should therefore crave  
My Pardon first, and shall Acquittance have.

*Madge.* I crave your Pardon ! Gallows-face, gae greet,  
And own your Fault to her that ye wad cheat.  
Gae, or be blasted in your Health and Gear,  
Till ye learn to perform as well as sweer,  
Vow and lowp back !---- was e'er the like heard tell ?  
Swi' tak him Deil, he's owre lang out of Hell.

*Bauldy* [*running off.*] His Presence be about us ! Curs't  
were he,

That were condemn'd for Life to live with thee.

[*Exit Bauldy.*]

*Madge* [*laughing.*] I think I have towzled his Harigalds  
a-wee ;

He'll no soon grein to tell his Love to me.  
He's but a Rascal that wad mint to serve  
A Lassie sae, he does but ill deserve.

*Mause.* Ye towin'd him tightly,--- I commend ye for't,  
His bleeding Snout gae me nae little Sport :

For



Sure Gentle-fowk are farrer seen than we,  
 That naithing ha'e to brag of Pedigree.  
 My *Jenny* now, wha' brak my Heart this Morn,  
 Is perfect yielding---sweet---and nae mair scorn.  
 I spak my Mind---she heard---I spak again,  
 She smil'd---I kifs'd---I woo'd, nor woo'd in vain.

S A N G XVI. *Tune, Kirk wad let me be.*

*Duty and part of Reason,  
 Plead strong on the Parents Side,  
 Which Love superior calls Treason;  
 The strongest must be obey'd:  
 For now tho' I'm one of the Gentry,  
 My Constancy Falshood repels;  
 For Change in my Heart is no Entry,  
 Still there my dear Peggy excels.*

*Patie.* I'm glad to hear't---But O my Change this Day,  
 Heaves up my Joy, and yet I'm sometimes wae.  
 I've found a Father, gently kind as brave,  
 And an Estate that lifts me 'boon the lave.  
 With Looks all Kindness, Words that Love confest:  
 He all the Father to my Soul exprest,  
 While close he had me to his manly Breast.  
 Such were the Eyes, he said, thus smil'd the Mouth  
 Of thy lov'd Mother, Blessing of my Youth!  
 Who set too soon!---- And while he Praise bestow'd,  
 Adown his Gracefu' Cheeks a Torrent flow'd.  
 My new-born Joys, and this his tender Tale,  
 Did, mingled thus, o'er a' my Thoughts prevail.  
 That speechless lang, my late kend Sire I view'd,  
 While gushing Tears my panting Breast bedew'd.  
 Unusual Transports made my Hand turn round,  
 Whilst I my self with rising Raptures found,  
 The happy Son of ane sae much renown'd.  
 But he has heard,---- too faithful *Symon's* Fear!  
 Has brought my Love for *Peggy* to his Ear,  
 Which he forbids,---- ah! this confounds my Peace,  
 While, thus to hear, my Heart must sooner cease.

*Roger.* How



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*Roger.* How to advise ye, troth I'm at a Stand:  
But were't my Case, ye'd clear it up aff Hand.

*Patie.* Duty, and hasten Reason plead his Cause:  
But Love rebels against all bounding Laws;  
Fixt in my Soul the Shepherdess excels,  
And Part of my new Happiness repels.

*Roger.* Enjoy them baith,---Sir *William* will be won:  
Your *Peggy's* bony,--- you're his only Son.

*Patie.* She's mine by Vows, and stronger Ties of Love,  
And frae these Bands nae Fate my Mind shall move.  
I'll wed nane else, thro' Life I will be true,  
But still Obedience is a Parent's Due.

*Roger.* Is not our Master and your sell to stay  
Amang us here,--- or are ye gawn away  
To *London* Court, or ither far aff Parts,  
To leave your ain poor us with broken Hearts?

*Patie.* To *Edenburgh* straight to-morrow we advance }  
To *London* neist, and afterwards to *France*, }  
Where I must stay some Years, and learn--- to dance, }  
And twa three other Monky-tricks:--- That done,  
I come hame strutting in my Red-heel'd Shoon.  
Then 'tis design'd, when I can well behave,  
That I maun be some petted Thing's dull Slave,  
For some few Bags of Cash, that I wat weel  
I nae mair need nor Carts do a Third Wheel:  
But *Peggy*, dearer to me than my Breath,  
Sooner than hear sic News, shall hear my Death.

*Roger.* *They who have just enough can soundly Sleep,*  
*The Owrecome only fashes Fowk to keep.*---  
Good Master *Patrick*, tak your ain Tale Hame.

*Patie.* What was my Morning Thought, at Night's  
the same:

The Poor and Rich but differ in the Name.  
Content's the greatest Bliss we can procure  
Frae 'boon the Lift.--- Without it Kings are poor.

*Roger.* But an Estate like yours yields braw Content,  
When we but pike it scanty on the Bent:  
Fine Claiths, soft Beds, sweet Houses, sparkling Wine,  
Rich Fare, and witty Friends, whene'er ye dine,

Submissive

Submissive Servants, Honour, Wealth and Ease,  
Wha's no Content with these are ill to please.

*Patie.* Sae *Roger* thinks, and thinks not far amiss,  
But mony a Cloud hings hovering o'er their Bliss:  
The Passions rule the Roast---and if they're sour,  
Like the lean Ky, they'll soon the Fat devour:  
The Spleen, tint Honour, and affronted Pride,  
Stang like the sharpest Goads in Gentry's Side.  
The Gouts, and Gravels, and the ill Disease,  
Are frequentest with Fouk owrelaid with Ease,  
While o'er the Moor the Shepherd, with less Care,  
Enjoys his sober With, and halefome Air.

*Roger.* Lord, Man, I wonder, ay, and it delights  
My Heart, whene'er I hearken to your Flights.  
How gat ye a' that Sense I fain wad lear,  
That I may easier Disappointments bear.

*Patie.* Frae Books, the Wale of Books, I gat some Skill,  
These best can teach what's real good and ill:  
Near grudge ilk Year to ware some Stanes of Cheefe,  
To gain these silent Friends that ever please.

*Roger.* I'll do't, and ye shall tell me which to buy:  
Faith I've hae Books, tho' I shou'd sell my Ky:  
But now let's hear how you're design'd to move  
Between Sir *William's* Will and *Peggy's* Love.

*Patie.* Then here it lies---his Will maun be obey'd,  
My Vows I'll keep, and she shall be my Bride:  
But I some Time this last Design maun hide.  
Keep you the Secret close, and leave me here,  
I sent for *Peggy*, yonder comes my Dear.

*Roger.* And proud of being your Secretary, I  
To wyle it frae me a' the Deels defy. [Exit *Roger*.]

*Patie* [solus.] With what a Struggle must I now impart  
My Father's Will to her that hads my Heart:  
I ken she loves, and her fast Soul will sink,  
While it stands trembling on the hated Brink  
Of Disappointment---Heaven support my Fair,  
And let her Comfort claim your tender Care.

Her Eyes are red----- [Enter *Peggy*.]

-----My *Peggy* why in Tears?  
Smile as ye wont, allow nae Room for Fears:

F

Tho.

50. *The GENTLE SHEPHERD:*

Tho' I'm nae mair a Shepherd, yet I'm thine.

S A N G XVII. *Tune, Wacs my Heart that we  
shou'd sunder.*

PEGGY. *Speak on, speak thus, and still my Grief,  
Hold up a Heart that's sinking under  
These Fears, that soon will want Relief,  
When Pate must from his Peggy sunder.  
A gentler Face and Silk Attire,  
A Lady rich in Beauty's Blossom,  
Alake poor me! will now conspire,  
To steal thee from thy Peggy's Bosom.*

*No more the Shepherd who excell'd  
The rest, whose Wit made them to wonder,  
Shall now his Peggy's Praises tell,  
Ah! I can die, but never sunder.  
Ye Meadows where we often stray'd,  
Ye Banks were we were wont to wander;  
Sweet-scented Rutks round which we play'd,  
You'll lose your Sweets when we're asunder.*

*Again ah! shall I never creep  
Around the Know with silent Duty,  
Kindly to watch thee while asleep,  
And wonder at thy manly Beauty?  
Hear, Heaven, while solemnly I vow,  
Tho' thou should'st prove a wand'ring Lover,  
Throw Life to thee I shall prove true,  
Nor be a Wife to any other.*

*I dare not think sae high---I now repine  
At the unhappy Chance, that made not me  
A gentle Match, or still a Herd kept thee.  
Wha can withouten Pain see frae the Coast  
The Ship that bears his All, like to be lost?  
Like to be carried by some Rever's Hand,  
Far frae his Wishes to some distant Land.*

*Patie. Ne'er*

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*Patie.* Ne'er quarrel Fate, whilst it with me remains  
To raise thee up, or still attend these Plains.  
My Father has forbid our Loves, I own:  
But Love's superior to a Parent's Frown.  
I Falshood hate; Come kiss thy Cares away;  
I ken to love as well as to obey.  
*Sir William's* generous, leave the Task to me:  
To make strict Duty and true Love agree.

S A N G XVIII. Tune, TWEED-SIDE.

*PEGGY.* *When Hope was quite sunk in Despair,*  
*My Heart it was going to break;*  
*My Life appear'd worthless my Care,*  
*But now I will sav't for thy sake.*  
*Where-e'er my Love travels by Day,*  
*Where-ever he lodges by Night,*  
*With me his dear Image shall stay,*  
*And my Soul keep him ever in Sight.*

*With Patience I'll wait the long Year,*  
*And study the gentlest Charms;*  
*Hope Time away till thou appear,*  
*So lock thee for ay in those Arms.*  
*Whilst thou wast a Shepherd, I priz'd*  
*No higher Degree in this Life;*  
*But now I'll endeavour to rise*  
*To a Height is becoming thy Wife.*

*For Beauty that's only Skin deep,*  
*Must fade like the Gowans of May,*  
*But inwardly rooted, will keep*  
*For ever, without a Decay.*  
*Nor Age, nor the Changes of Life,*  
*Can quench the fair Fire of Love,*  
*If Virtue's ingrain'd in the Wife,*  
*And the Husband have Sense to approve.*

Speak on!—speak ever thus, and still my Grief,  
But short I dare to hope the fond Relief.



52      *The* GENTLE SHEPHERD:

New Thoughts a gentler Face will soon inspire,  
 That with nice Air swims round in Silk Attire;  
 Then I! poor me!---with Sighs may ban my Fate,  
 When the young Laird's nae mair my heartsome *Patie*.  
 Nae mair again to hear sweet Tales exprest,  
 By the blyth Shepherd that excell'd the rest:  
 Nae mair be envied by the tatling Gang,  
 When *Patie* kiss'd me, when I danc'd or sang:  
 Nae mair, alake! we'll on the Meadow play!  
 And rin haff breathless round the Rucks of Hay,  
 As aftimes I have fled from thee right fain,  
 And fawn on Purpose that I might be tane.  
 Nae mair around the *Foggy-Know* I'll creep,  
 To watch and stare upon thee, while asleep.  
 But hear my Vow---'twill help to give me Ease,  
 May sudden Death, or deadly fair Disease,  
 And warst of Ills attend my wretched Life,  
 If e'er to ane but you I be a Wife.

*Patie*. Sure Heaven approves---and be assur'd of me,  
 I'll ne'er gang back of what I've sworn to thee:  
 And Time, tho' Time maun interpose a while,  
 And I maun leave my *Peggy* and this Isle;  
 Yet Time, nor Distance, nor the fairest Face,  
 If there's a fairer, e'er shall fill thy Place.  
 I'd hate my rising Fortune, should it move  
 The fair Foundation of our faithful Love.  
 If at my Foot were Crowns and Scepters laid,  
 To bribe my Soul frae thee, delightful Maid;  
 For thee I'd soon leave these inferior Things  
 To sic as have the Patience to be Kings.  
 Wherefore that Tear? Believe and calm thy Mind.

*Peggy*. I greet for Joy, to hear my Love sae kind;  
 When Hopes were sunk, and nought but mirk Despair,  
 Made me think Life was little worth my Care:  
 My Heart was like to burst; but now I see  
 Thy generous Thoughts will save thy Heart for me.  
 With Patience then, I'll wait each wheeling Year,  
 Dream thro' that Night, 'till my Day-star appear:  
 And all the while I'll study gentler Charms  
 To make me fitter for my Trav'ler's Arms:

I'll

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I'll gain on Uncle *Glaud*,---he's far frae Fool,  
And will not grudge to put me throw ilk School,  
Where I may Manners learn-----

*Patie*. -----That's wisely said,  
And what he wares that Way shall be well paid.  
Tho' without a' the little Helps of Art,  
Thy native Sweets might gain a Prince's Heart,  
Yet now, left in our Station we offend,  
We must learn Modes, to Innocence unkend;  
Affect a'times to like the Thing we hate,  
And drap Serenity, to keep up State:  
Laugh when we're sad, speak when we've nought to say,  
And, for the Fashion, when we're blith, seem wae:  
Pay Compliments to them we a't have scorn'd,  
Then scandalize them, when their Backs are turn'd.

*Peggy*. If this is Gentry, I had rather be  
What I am still--- but I'll be ought with thee.

*Patie*. No, no, my *Peggy*, I but only jest  
With Gentry's Apes; for still amongst the best,  
Good Manners give Integrity a Bleeze,  
When Native Virtues join the Arts to please.

*Peggy*. Since with nae Hazard, and sae small Expence,  
My Lad frae Books can gather siccan Sense;  
Then why, ah! why shou'd the tempestuous Sea  
Endanger thy dear Life, and frighten me?  
Sir *William*'s cruel that wad force his Son,  
For Watna-whats, sae great a Risk to run.

*Patie*. There is nae doubt but Trav'ling does improve,  
Yet I would thun it for thy Sake, my Love:  
But soon as I've thook aff my Landwart Cast  
In foreign Cities, hame to thee I'll haste.

S A N G XIX. Tune, Bush aboon Traquair.

PEGGY. *At setting Day and rising Morn,*  
*With Soul that still shall love thee,*  
*I'll ask of Heaven thy safe Return,*  
*With all that can improve thee.*  
*I'll visit oft the Birken-bush,*  
*Where first thou kindly told me*

Sweet

## The GENTLE SHEPHERD:

*Sweet Tales of Love, and hid my Blush,  
Whilst round thou didst enfold me.*

*To all our Haunts I will repair,  
By Greenwood-shaw or Fountain;  
Or where the Summer-day I'd share  
With thee, upon yon Mountain.  
There will I tell the Trees and Flow'rs,  
From Thoughts unfeign'd and tender;  
By Vows you're mine, by Love is yours  
A Heart which cannot wander.*

*With every setting Day, and rising Morn,  
I'll kneel to Heaven, and ask thy safe Return.  
Under that Tree, and on the Suckler-Brae,  
Where aye we wont, when Bairns, to run and play;  
And to the Hissel-Shaw, where first ye vow'd  
Ye wad be mine, and I as eithly trow'd,  
I'll aften gang, and tell the Trees and Flowers,  
With Joy that they'll bear Witness I am yours.*

*Patie. My Dear allow me frae thy Temples fair  
A shining Ringlet of thy flowing Hair,  
Which, as a Sample of each lovely Charm,  
I'll aften kiss, and wear about my Arm.*

*Peggy. Were ilka Hair that appertains to me  
Worth an Estate, they all belong to thee:  
My Sheers are ready, take what you demand,  
And aught what Love with Virtue may command.*

*Patie. Nae mair I'll ask; but since we've little Time,  
To ware't on Words, wad border on a Crime,  
Love's faster Meaning better is exprest,  
When it's with Kisses on the Heart imprest.*

*[Here they embrace, and the Curtain's let down]*



ACT



# ACT V. SCENE I.

## PROLOGUE.

*See how poor Bauldy stares like ane posselt,  
And roars up Symon frae his kindly Rest:  
Bare-legg'd, with Night-cap, and unbutton'd Coat,  
See the auld Man comes foreward to the Sot.*

Symon. **W**HAT want ye, *Bauldy*, at this silent Hour,  
When Nature nods beneath the drowsy  
Power.

Far to the North the scant approaching Light  
Stands equal 'twixt the Morning and the Night.  
What gars ye shake, and glowre and look sae wan?  
Your Teeth they chitter, Hair like Bristles stand.

*Bauldy.* O ken me soon some Water, Milk, or Ale,  
My Head's grown giddy,--- Legs with shaking fail;  
I'll ne'er dare venture forth at Night my lane:  
Alake! I'll never be my sell again.  
I'll ne'er o'erput it! Symon, O Symon! O!

[Symon gives him a Drink.

*Symon.* What ails thee, Gowk!--- to make sae loud ado.  
You've wak'd Sir William, he has left his Bed,  
He comes, I fear ill pleas'd; I hear his Tred.

[Enter Sir William.

*Sir Will.* How goes the Night? Does Day-light yet appear?  
*Symon,* you're very tymously afeer.

*Symon.* I'm sorry, Sir, that we've disturb'd your Rest,  
But some strange Thing has *Bauldy's* Sp'rit oppress'd,  
He's seen some Witch, or wrestled with a Ghaißt. }

*Bauldy.* O! ay--- dear Sir, in Troth 'tis very true,  
And I am come to make my Plaint to you.

*Sir Will. (smiling.)* I lang to hear't-----

*Bauldy.* ----- Ah! Sir, the Witch caw'd *Mause*,  
That wins aboon the Mill amang the Haws,

First



First promis'd that she'd help me with her Art,  
 To gain a bonny thrawart Lassie's Heart:  
 As she had trysted, I met wi'er this Night,  
 But may nae Friend of mine get sic a Fright!  
 For the curs'd Hag, instead of doing me good,  
 (The very Thought o'r's like to freeze my Blood!)  
 Rais'd up a Ghaißt, or Deel, I kenna whilk,  
 Like a dead Coarse in Sheet as white as Milk,  
 Black Hands it had, and Face as wan as Death,  
 Upon me fast the Witch and it fell baith,  
 Lows'd down my Brecks, while I like a great Fool,  
 Was labour'd as I wout to be at School.  
 My Heart out of its Hool was like to lowp,  
 I pithless grew with Fear, and had nae Hope,  
 Till, with an elritch Laugh they vanish'd quite;  
 Syne I haf-dead with Anger, Fear, and Spite,  
 Crap up, and fled straight frae them, Sir, to you,  
 Hoping your Help to gi'e the Deel his Due.  
 I'm sure my Heart will ne'er gi'e o'er to dunt,  
 Till in a fat Tar-Barrel *Mause* be burnt.

*Sir Will.* Well *Bauldy*, what e'er's just shall granted be,  
 Let *Mause* be brought this Morning down to me.

*Bauldy.* Thanks to your *Honour*, soon shall I obey,  
 But first I'll *Roger* raile, and twa three mae,  
 To catch her fast, or she get Leave to squeel,  
 And cast her Cantraips that bring up the Deel.

[*Exit Bauldy.*]

*Sir Will.* Troth *Symon*, *Bauldy*'s more afraid than hurt,  
 The Witch and Ghaißt have made themselves good Sport.  
 What silly Notions crowd the clouded Mind,  
 That is, throw want of Education, blind!

*Symon.* But does your *Honour* think there's nae sic Thing,  
 As Witches raising Deels up-throw a Ring,  
 Syne playing Tricks, a Thousand I cou'd tell,  
 Cou'd never be contriv'd on this Side Hell.

*Sir Will.* Such as the Devil's dancing in a Moor,  
 Amongst a few old Women, craz'd and poor,  
 Who are rejoyc'd to see him frisk and lowp  
 O'er Braes and Bogs, with Candles in his Dowp,

Appear-

Appearing sometimes like a black-horn'd Cow,  
 Aft-times like *Bawty*, *Badrans*, or a *Sow*;  
 Then with his Train throw airy Paths to glide,  
 While they on Cats or Clowns, or Broomstuffs ride,  
 Or in the Egg-shell skim out-o'er the Main,  
 To drink their Leader's Health in *France* or *Spain*;  
 Then aft by Night, bumbaze Hare-hearted Fools,  
 By tumbling down their Cub-boards, Chairs and Stools.  
 What e'er's in Spells, or if there Witches be,  
 Such Whimsies seem the most absurd to me.

*Symon*. 'Tis true enough, we ne'er heard that a Witch  
 Had either meikle Sense, or yet was rich:  
 But *Mause*, tho' poor, is a sagacious Wife,  
 And lives a quiet and very honest Life.  
 That gars me think this Hoblethew that's past  
 Will land in naithing but a Joke at last.

*Sir Will*. I'm sure it will;--- but see increasing Light  
 Commands the Imps of Darknefs down to Night:  
 Bid raise my Servants, and my Horse prepare,  
 Whilst I walk out to take the Morning Air.

S A N G XX. *Tune*, Bony gray-ey'd Morn.

*The bony gray-ey'd Morning begins to peep,  
 And Darknefs flies before the rising Ray,  
 The bearty Hynd starts from his lazy Sleep,  
 To follow healthful Labours of the Day,  
 Without a guilty Sting to wrinkle his Brow,  
 The Lark and the Linnet tend his Levee,  
 And he joins their Concert, driving the Plow,  
 From Toil of Grimace and Pageantry free.*  
*While fluster'd with Wine, or madden'd with Loss  
 Of Half an Estate, the Frey of a Main,  
 The Drunkard and Gamester tumble and toss,  
 Wishing for Calmness and Slumber in vain.*  
*Be my Portion Health and Quietness of Mind,  
 Plac'd at due Distance from Parties and State,  
 Where neither Ambition, nor Avarice blind,  
 Reach him who has Happiness link'd to his Fate.*

[Exeunt.

SCENE

## S C E N E II.

## P R O L O G U E.

*While Peggy laces up her Bosom fair,  
With a blew Snood Jenny binds up her Hair,  
Glaud by his Morning Ingle takes a Beek,  
The rising Sun shines motty throw the Reek.  
A Pipe his Mouth, the Lasses please his Een,  
And now and then his Joke maun interveen.*

*Glaud.* I Wish, my Bairns, it may keep fair till Night,  
Ye do not use so soon to see the Light;  
Nae doubt now ye intend to mix the Thrang,  
To take your Leave of *Patrick* or he gang:  
But, do ye think, that now when he's a Laird,  
That he poor Landwart Lasses will regard.

*Fenny.* Tho' he's young Master now, I'm very sure,  
He has mair Sense than slight auld Friends, tho' poor:  
But yelsterday he ga'e us mony a Tug,  
And kiss'd my Cusin there frae Lug to Lug.

*Glaud.* Ay, ay, nae doubt o't, and he'll do't again;  
But, be advis'd, his Company refrain;  
Before, he, as a Shepherd, sought a Wife,  
With her to leave a chaste and frugal Life;  
But now grown gentle, soon he will forsake  
Sic godly Thoughts, and brag of being a Rake.

*Peggy.* A Rake, what's that?---- Sure if it means ought ill,  
He'll never be't, else I have tint my Skill.

*Glaud.* Daft Lassie, ye ken nought of the Affair,  
Ane young and good, and gentle's unco rare:  
A Rake's a graceless Spark, that thinks nae Shame  
To do what like of us thinks Sin to name;  
Sic are sae void of Shame, they'll never stap  
To brag how often they have had the Clap;  
They'll tempt young Things like you, with Youdith flush'd,  
Sync mak ye a' their Jest when ye'er debauch'd.

Be wary  
Encourage  
Peggy  
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Glaud.

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Be warry then I say, and never ge'e  
Encouragement, or bound with sic as he

*Peggy.* Sir *William's* vertuous, and of gentle Blood.  
And may not *Patrick* too, like him, be good.

*Glaud.* That's true, and mony Gentry mae than he,  
As they are wiser better are than we;  
But thinner sawn; they're sae puffed up with Pride,  
There's mony of them mocks ilk haly Guide,  
That shaws the Gate to Heaven ;--- I've heard my sell,  
Some of them laugh at Doomsday, Sin and Hell.

*Jenny.* Watch o'er us, Father! heh, that's very odd,  
Are him that doubts a Doomsday, doubts a God.

*Glaud.* Doubt! why they neither doubt, nor judge,  
nor think,

Nor hope, nor fear, but curse, debauch, and drink:

But I'm no saying this, as if I thought  
That *Patrick* to sic Gaits will e'er be brought.

*Peggy.* The Lord forbid!-- Na, he kens better Things:  
But here comes *Aunt*, her Face some ferly brings.

[Enter *Madge*.

*Madge.* Hast, hast ye, we're a' sent for owre the Gate,  
To hear, and help to red some odd Debate  
Tween *Mause* and *Bauldy*, 'bout some Witchcraft Spell  
At *Symon's* House, the Knight sits Judge himsel.

*Glaud.* Lend me my Staff,--- *Madge*, lock the Outter-  
door,  
and bring the Lasses wi'ye, I'll step before.

[Exit *Glaud*.

*Madge.* Poor *Meg*!-- Look *Jenny*, was the like e'er  
seen,

low bleer'd and red with greeting look her Een!

This Day her brankan Wooer takes his Horse,

to strute a gentle Spark at *Edinburgh* Cross,

to change his Kent cut frae the branchy Plain

for a nice Sword, and glancing-headed Cane;

to leave his Ram-horn Spoons and kitted Whey,

for gentler Tea, that sinells like new-won Hay:

to leave the Green-swaird Dance, when we gae Milk,

to rustle amang the Beauties clad in Silk.

But



60 *The GENTLE SHEPHERD:*

But *Meg*, poor *Meg*! maun with the Shepherd stay,  
And take what God will send in Hodden-gray.

*Peggy*. Dear Aunt, what needs ye fash us wi' your  
Scorn?

That's no my Faut thar I'm nae gentler born.  
Gif I the Daughter of some Laird had been,  
I ne'er had notic'd *Patie* on the Green:  
Now since he rises, why should I repine?  
If he's made for another, he'll ne'er be mine:  
And then, the like has been, if the Decree  
Designs him mine, I yet his Wife may be.

*Madge*. A bony Story trowth!---- But we delay;  
Prin up your Aprons baith, and come away.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

P R O L O G U E.

*Sir William fills the twa-arm'd Chair,  
While Symon, Roger, Glaud, and Maufe  
Attend, and with loud Laughter bear  
Daft Bauldy bluntly plead his Cause:  
For now it's tell'd him that the Taww  
Was handled by revengfu' Madge,  
Because he brak good Breeding's Laws,  
And with his Nonsense rais'd their Rage.*

*Sir Will.* **A**ND was that all?---well, *Archbald*, ye was  
serv'd

No otherwise than what ye well deserv'd.  
Was it so small a Matter to defame,  
And thus abuse an honest Woman's Name?  
Besides your going about to have betray'd,  
By Perjury, an innocent young Maid.

*Bauldy*. Sir, I confess my Faut thto' a' the Steps,  
And ne'er again shall be untrue to *Neps*.

*Maufe*. Thus far, Sir, he oblig'd me on the Score,  
I kend not that they thought me sic before.

*Bauldy*. An't

*Bauldy.* An't like your *Honour*, I believ'd it well;  
But trowth I was e'en doilt to seek the Deel:  
Yet with your *Honour's* Leave, tho' she's nae Witch,  
She's baith a flee and a revengefu' -----  
And that my *Some-place* finds;----- but I had best  
Had in my Tongue, for yonder comes the *Ghaist*,  
And the young bony *Witch*, whase rosie Cheek  
Sent me without my Wit the Deel to seek.

*Enter Madge, Peggy, and Jenny.*

*Sir Will.* [*looking at Peggy.*] Whose Daughter's she  
that wears th' *Aurora* Gown,  
With Face so fair, and Locks a lovely Brown?  
How sparkling are her Eyes! what this I find  
The Girl brings all my Sister to my Mind.  
Such were the Features once adorn'd a Face,  
Which Death too soon depriv'd of sweetest Grace.  
Is this your Daughter, *Glaud*-----

*Glaud.* -----Sir, she's my Neice-----  
And yet she's not-----but I should had my Peace.  
*Sir Will.* This is a Contradiction, what d'ye mean?  
She is, and she is not! pray, *Glaud*, explain.

*Glaud.* Because I doubt, if I should mak appear  
What I have kept a Secret Thirteen Year.

*Mause.* You may reveal what I can fully clear.

*Sir Will.* Speak soon, I'm all Impatience!-----

*Patie.* -----So am I!

For much I hope, and hardly yet know why.

*Glaud.* Then since my Master orders, I obey-----

This *Bony Fundling*, ae clear Morn of *May*,  
Clost by the Lee-side of my Door I found,  
All sweet and clean, and carefully hapt round,  
In Infant Weeds, of rich and gentle Make.  
What cou'd they be, thought I, did thee forsake?  
Wha, warse than Brutes; cou'd leave expos'd to Air  
Sae much of Innocence, sae sweetly fair,  
Sae helpless young; for she appear'd to me,  
Only about twa Towmands auld to be.  
I took her in my Arms, the Bairnie smil'd  
With sic a Look, wad made a Savage mild.

G

I hid

62 The GENTLE SHEPHERD:

I hid the Story, she has pass'd sincefyne,  
As a poor Orphan, and a Niece of mine:  
Nor do I rue my Care about the Wean,  
For she's well worth the Pains that I have tane.  
Ye see she's bony, I can swear she's good,  
And am tighr sure she's come of gentle Blood;  
Of whom I kenna---naithing ken I mair,  
Than what I to your Honour now declare.

Sir Will. This Tale seems strange!-----

Patie. -----The Tale delights my Ear!

Sir Will. Command your Joys, young Man, till Truth  
appear.

Mause. That be my Task---now, Sir, bid all be hush,  
Peggy may smile---Thou hast no Cause to bluth.  
Long have I wish'd to see this happy Day,  
That I might safely to the Truth give Way;  
That I may now Sir William Worthey name  
The best and nearest Parent she can claim.  
He saw't at first, and with quick Eyes did trace  
His Sister's Beauties in his Daughter's Face.

Sir Will. Old Woman do not rave---prove what you say;  
'Tis dangerous in Affairs like this to play.

Patie. What Reason, Sir, can an old Woman have  
To tell a Lie, when she's sae near her Grave?  
But how, or why, it should be Truth, I grant,  
I every Thing that looks like Reason want.

Omnes. The Story's odd! we wish we heard it out----

Sir Will. Mak hast good Woman, and resolve each Doubt.

[Mause goes foreward, leading Peggy to Sir William.

Mause. Sir, view me well, has Fifteen Years so plow'd  
A wrinkled Face that you have often view'd,  
That here I as an unknown Stranger stand  
Who nurs'd her Mother, that now holds my Hand? }  
Yet stronger Proofs I'll give, if you demand.

Sir Will. Ha honest Nurse! where were my Eyes before,  
I know thy Faithfulness, and need no more;  
Yet from the Lab'rinth, to lead out my Mind,  
Say, to expose her, who was so unkind?

[Sir Will. embraces Peggy, and makes her sit by him.

Sir Will Yes.

A PASTORAL COMEDY. 63

Sir Will. Yes surely thou'rt my Niece, Truth must prevail:  
But no more Words, till *Maufe* relate her Tale.

*Patie*. Good Nurse dispatch thy Story, wing'd with  
Blisses,

That I may give my Cusin Fifty Kisses.

*Maufe*. Then it was I that sav'd her Infant-Life,  
Her Death being threatened by an Uncle's Wife,  
The Story's long; but I the Secret knew,  
How they pursu'd with avaricious View  
Her rich Estate, of which they're now possess:  
All this to me a Confident confess.

I heard with Horror, and with trembling dread,  
They'd smoor the sakeless Orphan in her Bed.  
That very Night, when all were sunk in Rest,  
At Midnight-Hour the Floor I softly prest.  
And staw the sleeping Innocent away,  
With whom I travell'd some few Miles e'er Day.  
All Day I hid me,--- when the Day was done,  
I kept my Journey, lighted by the Moon,  
Till East-ward fifty Miles I reach'd these Plains,  
Where needful Plenty glads your chearful Swains.  
Then fear of being found out, I, to secure  
My Charge, I laid her at this Shepherd's Door,  
And took a neighbouring Cottage here, that I  
Whate'er should happen to her, might be by.  
Here, honest *Glaud* himself; and *Symon* may  
Remember well how I that very Day  
Frae Roger's Father took my little Crote.

*Glaud*, [*with Tears of Joy happing down his Beard.*]

I well remember't: LORD reward your Love:  
Lang have I wish'd for this; for aye I thought,  
Sic Knowledge sumetime should about be brought.

*Patie*. 'Tis now a Crime to doubt,--- my Joys are full,  
With due Obedience to my Parent's Will.

Sir, with paternal Love survey her Charms,  
And blame me not for rushing to her Arms:  
She's mine by Vows, and would, tho' still unknown,  
Have been my Wife, when I my Vows durst own.

Sir Will. My Niece, my Daughter, welcome to my Care,  
Sweet Image of thy Mother, good and fair,



64 The GENTLE SHEPHERD:

Equal with *Patrick*, now my greatest Aim  
Shall be to aid your Joys, and well-match'd Flame.  
My Boy receive her from your Father's Hand,  
With as good Will as either would demand.

[*Patie and Peggy embrace; and kneel to Sir Will.*

*Patie.* With as much Joy this Blessing I receive,  
As ane wad Life that's sinking in a Wave.

*Sir Will. raises them.]* I give you both my Blessing,  
may your Love  
Produce a happy Race, and still improve.

*Peggy.* My Wishes are compleat,--- my Joys arise,  
While I'm haf dizzy with the blest Surprise;  
And am I then a Match for my ain Lad,  
Thar for me so much generous Kindness had?  
Lang may *Sir William* blest these happy Plains,  
Happy while Heaven grant he on them remains.

*Patie.* Be lang our Guardian, still our Master be,  
We'll only crave what you shall please to gie;  
Th' Estate be yours, my *Peggy's* ane to me. }

*Glaud.* I hope your Honour now will tak amends  
Of them that sought her Life for wicked Ends.

*Sir Will.* The base unnatural Villain soon shall know,  
That Eyes above watch the Affairs below:  
I'll strip him soon of all to her pertains,  
And make him reimburse his ill-got Gains.

*Peggy.* To me the Views of Wealth, and an Estate  
Seem light, when put in Balance with my *Pate*:  
For his Sake only I'll ay thankful bow,  
For such a Kindness, *best of Men*, to you.

*Symon.* What double Blythness wakenis up this Day,  
I hope now, Sir, you'll no soon hast away.  
Sall I unsadle your Horse, and gar prepare  
A Dinner for ye of hale Country Fare.  
See how much Joy unwrinkles every Brow,  
Our Looks hing on the Twa, and doat on you:  
Even *Bauldy*, the Bewitch'd, has quite forgot  
Fell *Madge's* Tawz, and pawky *Mause's* Plor.

*Sir Will.* Kindly old Man, remain with you this Day!  
I never from these Fields again will stray;

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Masons and Wrights shall soon my House repair,  
And busy Gardeners shall new Planting rear :  
My Father's hearty Table you soon shall see  
Restor'd, and my best Friends rejoice with me.

*Symon.* That's the best News I heard this twenty Year :  
New Day breaks up, rough Times begin to clear.

*Glaud.* God save the King, and save Sir William Lang,  
To enjoy their ain, and raise the Shepherd's Sang.

*Roger.* Wha winna dance, wha will refuse to sing ?  
What Shepherd's Whistle winna like the Spring ?

*Bauldy.* I'm Friends with *Mause*,--- with very *Madge*  
I'm gree'd,

Altho' they skelpit me when woodly fleid ;  
I'm now fu' blyth, and frankly can forgive,  
To join and sing, *Lang may Sir William live.*

*Madge.* Lang may he live ;--- and *Archbald* learn to  
steek

Your Gab a-wee, and think before ye speak,  
And never ca' her auld, that wants a Man,  
Else ye may yet some Witches Fingers ban.  
This Day I'll with the youngest of ye rant,  
And brag for ay that I was ca'd the Aunt  
Of our young Lady,--- my dear bony Bairn !

*Peggy.* No other Name I'll ever for you learn :---  
And, my good Nurse, how shall I gratefu' be  
For a' thy matchless Kindness done for me ?

*Mause.* The flowing Pleasures of this happy Day  
Does fully all I can require repay.

*Sir Will.* To faithful *Symon*, and, kind *Glaud*, to you, }  
And to your Heirs I give in endless Feu, }  
The Mailens ye possess, as justly due,  
For acting like kind Fathers to the Pair,  
Who have enough besides, and these can spare.

*Mause*, in my House, in Calmness, close your Days,  
With nought to do but sing your Maker's Praise.

*Omnes.* The LORD of Heaven return your Honour's  
Love,

Confirm your Joys, and a' your Blessings reeve.

*Patie.*

Paric. [*presenting Roger to Sir William.*]

Sir, here's my trusty Friend, that always shar'd  
My Bosom Secrets, e'er I was a Laird,  
*Glaud's Daughter Janet* (*Jenny* thinks nae Shame)  
Rais'd and maintains in him a Lover's Flame:  
Lang was he dumb, at last he spak and won,  
And hopes to be our honest Uncle's Son;  
Be pleas'd to speak to *Glaud* for his Consent,  
That nane may wear a Face of Discontent.

*Sir Will.* My Son's Demand is fair---*Glaud*, let me crave,  
That trusty *Roger* may your Daughter have  
With frank Consent; and while he does remain  
Upon these Fields, I make him Chamberlain.

*Glaud.* You croud your Bounties, Sir, what can we say,  
But that we're Dyvours that can ne'er repay?  
Whate'er your Honour wills, I shall obey. }

*Roger*, my Daughter with my Blessing take,  
And still our Master's Right your Business make.  
Please him, be faithful, and this auld gray Head  
Shall nod with Quietness down amang the Dead.

*Roger.* I ne'er was good a-speaking a' my Days,  
Or ever loo'd to mak o'er great a Fraise:  
But for my Master, Father, and my Wife,  
I will employ the Cares of all my Life.

*Sir Will.* My Friends, I'm satisfy'd you'll all behave  
Each in his Station, as I'd wish or crave.  
Be ever verttuous, soon of late ye'll find  
Reward and Satisfaction to your Mind.

The Maze of Life sometimes looks dark and wild;  
And oft when Hopes are highest, we're beguil'd.  
Aft when we stand on Brinks of dark Despair,  
Some happy Turn with Joy dispels our Care,  
Now all's at Rights, who sings best, let me hear. }

*Peggy.* When you demand, I readiest should obey;  
I'll sing you ane, the newest that I hae.

S A N G XXI. *Tune, Corn-Riggs are bonny.*

*My Patie is a Lover gay,  
His Mind is never muddy;  
His Breath is sweeter than new Hay,  
His Face is fair and ruddy:  
His Shape is handsome, middle Size,  
He's comely in his Wawking,  
The Shining of his Een surprise,  
'Tis Heaven to hear him tawking.*

*Last Night I met him on a Bawk,  
Where yellow Corn was growing,  
There mony a kindly Word he spak  
That set my Heart a glowing.  
He kiss'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,  
And loo'd me best of ony,  
That gars me like to sing since syne,  
O Corn-Riggs are bonny.*

*Let Lasses of a silly Mind  
Refuse what maist they're wanting,  
Since we for yielding were design'd,  
We chastly should be granting.  
Then I'll comply, and marry Patie,  
And syne my Cockernony  
He's free to touzel, air or late,  
Where Corn-Riggs are bonny.*

F I N I S.





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Alane,

*himse*

*self.*

Aneath,

Aftymes.



A COMPLEAT

Alphabetical GLOSSARY,

Or, Explanation of the *Scotch* Words.

A

A' *all.*

Aboon, *above.*

Ac, *ever.*

Ane, *one.*

Anes, *once.*

Ablins, *perhaps.*

Awn, *own, acknowledge.*

Alteer, *stirring.*

Anither, *another.*

A-will, *of itself, of its own Accord.*

A-thought, *a little.*

A-jee, *o' one Side.*

Auld, *old.*

An, *if.*

Air, *early.*

Aften, *often.*

Ain, *own.*

Aff, *off.*

Airth, *Quarter or Corner of the World.*

Aiths, *Oaths.*

Amaist, *almost.*

Awa, *away.*

Alane, *alone; his lane, by himself; her lane, by herself.*

Aneath, *beneath.*

Aftymes, *oft-times.*

Albeit, *abeit, altho'.*

A-wie, *a little.*

B

BEILD, *a Place of Shelter from the Weather.*

Bairns, *Children.*

Blyther, *more joyful.*

Blythsome, *glad.*

Blythness, *Joy.*

Bony, *handsome, pleasant.*

Baith, *both.*

Bught, *Sheep-fold.*

Byar, *Cow-house.*

Braw, *brave, fine, gaudy.*

Bein, *rich, well-furnish'd.*

Briis, *to press or bruise.*

Bombaze, *to confound or affright.*

Blate, *shame-fac'd.*

Bustine, *white Dimitty.*

Bad, *bid.*

Bannocks, *a sort of Bread.*

Be, *by.*

Braes, *Hillocks.*

Burn or Burnie, *a Rivulet.*

Birks, *Birch Trees.*

Bratling, *running down, or falling hastily.*

H

Bide:

# The GLOSSARY.

- Bide, to bear, abide, endure.  
 Barlikhoods, Freaks, Whims,  
     *Humours.*  
 Brats, Clothes; also Rags.  
 Broe, Broth,  
 Bleeze, Flame; also Lustre.  
 Bleezing, flaming, blazing.  
 Bigonets, Biggands.  
 Begunk, a Trick or Strata-  
     *gem.*  
 Bairs, Bears.  
 Bedeen, instantly.  
 Bow or Boll, a Measure,  
     *equal to a Sack.*  
 Beuk, bak'd.  
 Bouk, Carcass.  
 Bauld, bold.  
 Bicker, Bowl or Cup.  
 Bobit, lac'd.  
 Brint, burnt.  
 Blob, a Globe, or Drop.  
 Bot, without.  
 Beck, beeking, basking.  
 Busk, adorn, dress.  
 Bootless, in vain.  
 Belt, Girdle.  
 Blae-berries, Blue-berries.  
 Blaw, blow.  
 Bands, Hinges.  
 Bend, Cup, or Draught.  
 Betootch us! preserve us!  
 Bent, a Field.  
 Baugh, simple, of a pitiful  
     *Look.*  
 Brock, a Badger.  
 Ban, to curse.  
 Brecks, Breeches.  
 Bourd, to dally, or tamper  
     *with.*  
 Brankand, gay; also pran-  
     *cing.*  
 Bairnie, a little Child.  
 Bawk,  
     C  
 Cawker, fresh, cool.  
 Craig, a Rock.  
 Craigy, rocky.  
 Chirin, chirp, or sing.  
 Crove, a little Hutch, or  
     *Lodge.*  
 Corbies, Ravens.  
 Cleek, to catch, or hook up.  
 Clute, the Hoof.  
 Canty, merry.  
 Cou'dna, could not.  
 Caulrise, cold, chilly.  
 Cockernony, the Hair bound  
     *up in a Puff.*  
 Cadgy, merry, gay.  
 Claiths, Clothes.  
 Cauld, cold.  
 Coofs, Boobies.  
 Canny, lucky, happy.  
 Coft, bought.  
 Chiels, Fellows.  
 Cleck, hatch.  
 Ca', call.  
 Ca'd, or cawd, called.  
 Cottars, Cottagers, Tenants.  
 Curn, a little Quantity.  
 Cry, to call, or a Call.  
 Cantripes, Magick Spells,  
     *and Diabolical Arts.*  
 Cry'd, call'd on.  
 Clim, climb.  
 Canna, cannot.  
 Crack, to chat.

Cast

Cast,  
 Cast u  
 Teet  
 Cawfs  
 Clatter  
 ing.  
 Cankar  
 Carle,  
 Cawk,  
 Chitter  
 Teet  
 Crap, c

D A  
 D  
 Dool, S  
 Dorty,  
 Dinna,  
 Dike, a  
 Din, N  
 Dic'd, r  
 Dice.  
 Dauted,  
 of.  
 Dubs, a  
 Diver-Se  
 Turf.  
 Darna,  
 Deid, D  
 Dern'd,  
 Downa,  
 dure.  
 Dings, e  
 ter; a  
 Disna, d  
 Dow, ca  
 Draps, d  
 to Com

# The G L O S S A R Y.

|                                 |                                |
|---------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Cast, the Mien or Gesture.      | Daffin, Folly.                 |
| Cast up, to throw in one's      | Drie, suffer.                  |
| Teeth, to upbraid.              | Decreet, Determination, or     |
| Cawfs, Calves.                  | Judgment.                      |
| Clatteran, prating, chattering. | Didna, did not.                |
| Cankart, ill-natur'd, peevish.  | Doof, a Fool.                  |
| Carle, old Man.                 | Dunt, to beat, or throb, when  |
| Cawk, Chalk.                    | apply'd to the Heart.          |
| Chitter, to gnash with the      | Dowp, Arse.                    |
| Teeth, shivering.               | Doil'd, bewitch'd, insatuated, |
| Crap, crept.                    | dizzy, giddy.                  |
|                                 | Dyvours, Bankrupts.            |

## D

**D**AFT, mad, foolish.  
Dowie, senseless, silly.  
Dool, Sorrow.  
Dorty, scornful, difficult.  
Dinna, do not.  
Diske, a Wall.  
Din, Noise.  
Dic'd, weav'd in Figures of  
Dice.  
Dauted, fondled, made much  
of.  
Dubs, dirty little Pools.  
Diver-Seat, Seat of green  
Turf.  
Darna, dare not.  
Deid, Death.  
Dern'd, laid up secretly.  
Downa, cannot bear, or en-  
dure.

Dings, excels, gets the bet-  
ter; also beats.

Disna, does not.

Dow, can, or is able to do.

Drap, drops, gives the Slip  
to Company.

## E

**E**TTL E, to attempt, or  
aim at.  
Een, Eyes; also Even, or  
Night.  
Eastlin, eastern.  
Eith, Eithly, easily.  
Eild, old Age.  
Elf-shot, Planet-struck.  
East, eastward.  
Ellwand, a Stick the Measure  
of an Ell.  
Even, to impute to one, to  
compare, to liken.  
Ergh, to dread, or be afraid  
of.  
Elle, already.  
Erher-Cap, Wasp.  
Elritch, wild, or ghastly.

## F

**F**R A E, from,  
Fou, full; also drunk.  
Ferlie, a Wonder; also to  
wonder.



# The GLOSSARY.

Fouth, Plenty, many.

Flet, scolded.

Fair-fa', well fare.

Fa' fall.

Fallow, Fellow.

Fald, to fold.

Feckless, trifling.

Feightan, fighting.

Fraise, Talk, Speech.

Fowk, Folks.

Flyte, to scold.

Fell, cunning, or prudent ; after.

sometimes it is apply'd to

Diabolical Art.

Fasheous, troublesome.

Feg, Fig.

Fae, Foe.

Flaes, Fleas.

Fause, false.

Flaw, to lie ; also a Lie.

Furlet, a Corn or Meal Mea-

sure, consisting of four

Pecks.

Fear'd, afraid.

Fleech, flatter.

Foregainst, over-against.

Fundling, Foundling.

Foryet, forget.

Fand, found.

Flighter, to flutter.

Flype, to flae the Skin off.

Farder, farther.

Fear, Fleg, to frighten.

Fain, fond, willing.

Fawn, fallen.

Fawt, Fault.

Fash, to trouble.

Fleid, affrighted.

## G

**G**AE go ; also gave.

Gowans, Daisies.

Gowany, full of Daisies.

Grane, to groan or sigh.

Granes, Groans, or Sighs.

Gar, to make, or force.

Gat, got.

Grein, to long for, or thirst

Gear, Goods, Wealth.

Gecks, loaths.

Gif, Gin, if.

Glowre, to stare.

Glowring, staring.

Gawn, going.

Grip, to hold fast.

Grips, the holding fast with

the Hands.

Gloom, a Frown.

Gang, go.

Ganging, going.

Gie, give.

Gabs, Months.

Grace Drink, Grace Cup.

Greet, to cry.

Gane, gone.

Gets, Brats, Children.

Giglit, Gilstirt.

Gate, the Way ; also the

Manner of a Person.

Gusty, savoury.

Glee, Mirth.

Glen, a Vale.

Gaits, Goats.

Gade, went.

Gawky, a foolish Wench.

Gree, Degree.

Grit,

Grit

Girn

Grat

Gow

Ghai

Gow

Gares

H

Hart

Hind

Haffe

Hinn

Houn

Hawf

Win

Hald,

Heigh

Hown

Het, b

Health

Haith,

Herds,

Heh !

Heffs,

Halefo

Heathe

Hea

Hidlin

Hadna

He'ery

fore

Haggie

Haff, b

Howk,

Humlo

Hawky

Howdy

# The G L O S S A R Y.

Grit, *great*.  
 Girning, *grinning*.  
 Grat, *cry'd*.  
 Gowd, *Gold*.  
 Ghaist, *Ghost*.  
 Gowk, *Cuckoo; also Fool*.  
 Gares, *Ways, Courses*.

## H

**H**AME, *Home*.  
 Hameward, *homeward*.  
 Hartsome, *gladſom, pleasant*.  
 Hinder-Night, *laſt Night*.  
 Haſſer, *Side of the Face*.  
 Hinny, *Honey*.  
 Hound, *bunt*.  
 Hawſtock, *Wool next the*  
*Wind-pipe*.

Hald, *Had, hold*.  
 Height, *Top of the Hill*.  
 Howm, *a Valley by a River*.  
 Het, *hot*.  
 Healthfu', *healthful*.  
 Haith, *indeed, in faith*.  
 Herds, *Swains, Shepherds*.  
 Heh! *bah!*

Heſſs, *lodges, inhabits*.  
 Haleſome, *wholeſome*.  
 Heather Braes, *Hills on which*  
*Heath grows*.  
 Hidlings, *ſurking Places*.  
 Hadna, *bad not*.  
 He'eryeſtreen, *the Night be-*  
*fore laſt*.  
 Haggies, *a ſort of Pudding*.  
 Haſſ, *half*.  
 Howk, *to dig*.  
 Humlock, *Hemlock*.  
 Hawkys, *Cows*.  
 Howdy, *a Midwiſe*.

Hing, *hang*.  
 Hether-Bells, *Heath Buds*.  
 Hechts, *Promiſes*.  
 Hallon-Side, *by a Holly Tree*.  
 Hac, *have*.  
 Ha' HaH.  
 Howt! *ſy!*  
 Haſſen, *partly*.  
 Hool, *the Shell*.  
 Hobblethew, *a mobbiſh Rior,*  
*or Quarrel*.  
 Haly, *holy*.  
 Hodden-gray, *a coarſe grey*  
*Cloath*.  
 Hapt, *cover'd up*.  
 Happing, *hopping, falling*  
*down*.

## I

**I**LKA, *each, every*.  
 Jo, *Sweetheart*.  
 Iſe, *I ſhall, or will*.  
 Ingle-ſide, *Fireſide*.  
 Ither, *other; alſo one another*.  
 Ingans, *Onions*.

## K

**K**ENS, *knows*.  
 Kend, *knew, known*.  
 Kiltit, *tuck'd up*.  
 Kames, *Combs*.  
 Kittle, *to tickle; it alſo ſigni-*  
*ſies difficult, or dangerous*.  
 Kail-Yard, *Kitchen Garden*.  
 Kirn'd, *churn'd*.  
 Kenna, *know not*.  
 Ky, *Cows*.  
 Kirn, *churn*.  
 Kent, *a large Stick, or Shep-*  
*herd's Pole*.

Lugs,

# The G L O S S A R Y.

## L

**LUGS, Ears.**

Leglens, Milk-Pails.

Loan, Milking-Place.

Lofs, to lose.

Lout, to stoop.

Low, Flame.

Lowan, burning, flaming.

Lang, long.

Loes, loves.

Lowp, to leap.

Lowping, leaping.

Leel, sincere, bonest.

Linkan, stepping briskly, or hastily.

Lee, fallow Land.

Lap, leap'd.

Leugh, laugh'd.

Lift, the Sky; also to remove.

Lin, a Precipice, or natural Cascade, from whence the Water falls.

Lave, the rest.

Langsome, tiresome, tedious.

Laird, Landlord; in general, for any Man of Estate.

Lyart, boary, grey.

Lucky, Gammer.

Laith, loath.

Laverocks, Larks.

Lilt, to sing briskly.

Lilrit, merrily chanted.

Luggies, Bowls.

Lear, to learn.

Lair, Learning.

Loof, the Palm of the Hand.

Leed, ly'd.

Leen, to leave off, give over.

Landwart, country, rural, clownish.

Labour'd, thrash'd.

Lows'd, unty'd, loos'd.

## M

**MAUN, must.**

Mair, more.

Mony, many.

Mint, to aim at, or make a Motion to do any thing.

Misluck, Misfortune.

Mak, make.

Meg-Dorts, Mrs. Scornful.

Miscaw', to miscall, or call Names.

Meikle, much.

Meiklest, largest.

Maist, most.

Maiks, Mates, Wives.

Midding, Dunghill.

Mailens, Farms.

Manna, must nat.

Muck, Dung.

Mither, Mother.

Mear, Mare.

Mirk, dark, to darken.

Merle, Merlin.

Mavis, Thrush.

Manfsworn, perjur'd, forsworn.

Moufe-mark, any Mark receiv'd by a Mother's longing.

Mennin, Minnow.

Mae, more.

NA,

The G L O S S A R Y.

N

**N**A, *no, not,*  
 Nae, *no.*  
 Nane, *none.*  
 Nibour, *Neighbour.*  
 Nowt, *Oxen.*  
 Needna, *need not.*  
 Neist, *next.*  
 Nocht, *nought.*  
 New-mawn, *new-mow'd.*  
 No, *not.*  
 New-cal, *young Calves.*  
 Nives, *double Fists.*  
 Nor, *than.*

O

**O**NY, *any,*  
 Out-o'er, *hanging over,*  
*also, quite over.*  
 Our-lane, *alone, by ourselves.*  
 Owrelay, *a Cravat.*  
 Owrelaid, *overlaid, over-*  
*whelm'd.*  
 O'reput, *to overcome.*  
 Oure, *over, too much.*  
 Orp, *to writhe one's self.*  
 Or, *before.*  
 Owk, *Week.*  
 O't, *of it.*  
 Oxtet, *Armpit.*  
 Owsen, *Oxen.*

P

**P**AT, *did put.*  
 Paughty, *proud, haughty.*  
 Propine, *a Present.*  
 Peebles, *Pebbles.*  
 Pensylie, *fantastically.*

Peet-stack, *Stack of dry'd*  
*Turf, for Firing.*  
 Pow, *a Skull.*  
 Prines, *Pins.*  
 Popilan, *poppling.*  
 Poortith, *Poverty.*  
 Pou, *pull.*  
 Peat-Ingle, *Turf-fire.*  
 Pouch, *Pocket.*  
 Pouchfu', *Pocket-full.*  
 Pawkylie, *stily, cunningly.*  
 Pleugh, *a Plough.*  
 Pith, *Strength.*  
 Petted, *fondled, pamper'd.*  
 Pithless, *faint, weak.*

R

**R**Owing, *Rowan, rolling.*  
 Row'd, *roll'd, or wrapt.*  
 Redd up, *to clean up, or*  
*clear up; also to tell,*  
*to be affraid, to part Folks*  
*quarrelling.*  
 Revel'd, *entangled.*  
 Rin, *run.*  
 Routh, *Plenty.*  
 Rife, *abundant, plentiful.*  
 Racket-Rent, *Rack-Rent.*  
 Reesting, *drying.*  
 Rant, *to make merry.*  
 Ranting, *rousing, jolly.*  
 Rash, *green, or young.*  
 Rashy, *rushy, or grown*  
*over with Rushes.*  
 Rashes, *Rushes.*  
 Roos'd, *prais'd.*  
 Rousted, *grown stiff, or*  
*rusty.*  
 Rew, *to relent, repent.*

Rowt,



# The GLOSSARY.

Rowt, to low, or make a Scart, to scrape; also to  
great Noise.  
Roudes, a hard Name.  
Rock, a Distaff.  
Rever, Rover, or Pyrate.  
Rucks, Ricks.  
Reek, Smoke.  
Roove, confirm, or rivet.

## S

**S**ALL, shall.  
Saughs, Willow-trees.  
Sae, so.  
Spill, spoil.  
Slid, smooth, slippery.  
Syne, since, then.  
Smoor, smother.  
Smoor'd, smother'd.  
Sma, small.  
Snaw, Snow.  
Sic, such.  
Sell, self.  
Shaw, shew, also Shrub-wood.  
Shawn, shewn.  
Stock, a Reed, or Pipe.  
Spring, a Tune.  
Spear, to ask.  
Saebiens, since it is so.  
Snooded, filleted, ty'd up.  
Skiffing, skipping.  
Saul, Soul.  
Sair, sore.  
Sets, the Stripes, or Rows of  
Colours in Weaving.  
Siller, Silver.  
Sprains, Stripes, or Rows.  
Shave, a Slice.  
Singand, singing.  
Strak, struck.

Skaith, Loss, Damage.  
Scads, scalds.  
Sald, sold.  
Seething, boiling.  
Stend, to take long Steps.  
Stent, to tax; also to stint.  
Scor'd, threaten'd.  
Sled, Sledge.  
Sung, sing'd.  
Snuff! pish! also to take Snuff.  
Slaw, slow.  
Shaw, a little Wood.  
Swat, sweated.  
Slee, fly.  
Skells, Shells.  
Strapan, strapping, lusty.  
Spaining, weaning.  
Spae-men, Fortune-tellers,  
Saws, Prognostications.  
Spae, to tell Fortunes.  
Snood, a Fillet, or Garland.  
Sark, Shirt,  
Sayna, say not.  
Starns, Stars.  
Samen, the same.  
Skair, a Share, to share.  
Steght, stuff'd, or cramm'd.  
Sornan, mumping, or begging.  
Scrimp, ill-provided.  
Scrimpit, stinted.  
Sindle, seldom.  
Siccan, such-like.  
Slavering, driveling, or slob-  
bering.  
Snaw-baws, Jokes.  
Swith, soon, swiftly.  
Shoon, Shoes.  
Stang, stung.

Swair'd,

Swair  
Gr  
Stanes  
Stap,  
Sawn,  
Sincef  
Sakele  
of  
Staw,  
Skelpit  
on t  
Steck,

**T** Ed  
Tod, a  
Thole,  
Till, to  
Tald, t  
Tint, l  
Thrive  
Trow,  
to be  
Tak, t  
Tane,  
Twa, t  
Tent, t  
watch  
Tyke,  
Trigg,  
Tarrow  
Tether-f  
Thae, t  
Thirle,  
Tynes,  
Trone,  
ticula  
Thack,

# The GLOSSARY.

|                                                      |                                                    |
|------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------|
| Swair'd, the Surface of the<br>Grass.                | Taids, Toads.                                      |
| Stanes, Stones.                                      | Than, then.                                        |
| Stap, stop.                                          | Thrang, the Crowd, or<br>Throng.                   |
| Sawn, sown.                                          | Titty, Sister.                                     |
| Sincefyne, ever since.                               | Tals, a Cup.                                       |
| Sakeless, forsaken, destitute<br>of Friends.         | Thow, to thaw, or melt.                            |
| Staw, stole.                                         | The, thee.                                         |
| Skelpit, to be slapt, or whipt<br>on the Posteriors. | Tryst, Appointment, to ap-<br>point.               |
| Steck, to shut.                                      | Tocher, Tocher-good, one's<br>Portion, or Fortune. |

## T

**T**Enting, tending.  
Thrawart, cross, or Towin'd, slapp'd, bang'd.  
evil.

Tod, a Fox.  
Thole, endure, suffer.  
Till, to.  
Tald, told.  
Tint, lost.  
Thricveless, trifling, needless.  
Trow, to be sure of, to know,  
to believe.  
Tak, take.  
Tape, taken.  
Twa, two.

Tent, to take Notice of, to  
watch, observe, or remark.

Tyke, Dog.  
Trigg, spruce, clean.  
Tarrows, loaths.  
Tether-stake, Halter-stake.  
Thac, these.  
Thirle, thrill.  
Tynes, to lose.  
Trone, the Name of a par-  
ticular Market-place.  
Thack, thatch.

To, too.  
Tuilzie, a Broil; also to  
quarrel.

## U

**U**Nlikly, unpersonable,  
unseemly, improbable.  
Unko, strangely, wonder-  
fully; also strange, won-  
derful.  
Unsonsy, unlucky, diabolical.  
Unscrapit, filthy, or what  
wants scraping.

## V

**V**IRLES, Rings.  
Vissy, to take a View.

## W

**W**Arldly, worldly.  
Winsome, engaging,  
delightful.  
Wathers, Weathers.

Wad,

*The* GLOSSARY.

Wad, would.  
 Wha, who.  
 Wat, *wet*.  
 Whinging, *whining*.  
 Wist, *knew*.  
 Waff, *lonely*.  
 Wi', *with*.  
 Wie, *little*.  
 Wood, *mad*.  
 Wordy, *worthy*.  
 Wimpling, *winding*.  
 Wark, *Work*.  
 Whirles, *Eddies*.  
 Whilk, *which*.  
 Wean, *Child*.  
 War, *worse*.  
 Wins, *gains*.  
 Woo, *Wool*; also to court.  
 Will-fire, *Wild-fire*.  
 Wale, to chuse, the Choice.  
 Withershins, to move con-  
   traryways.  
 Warlock, *Wizzard*.  
 Weil, *well*.  
 Wac, *Woe*; also sorrowful.  
 Wife, *old Woman*.  
 Wye, *Blame*.  
 Wrang, *Wrong*.  
 Westlin, *western*.

Whins, *Fuzzie*.  
Whafe, *whose*.  
Whisht! *hush*.  
Wimpled, *intricate*.  
Waws, *Walls*.  
Warft, *worst*.  
Wow! *strange*!  
Winna, *will not*.  
Wond, *wound up, or wrapt round with any thing*.  
Ware, *to expend, lay out, to sift, to pump out a Secret*.  
Withouten, *without*.  
Whatna-wats, *no Body knows what*.  
Win, *to dwell*.  
Wrights, *Joiners*.  
Woody, *madly*.

**Y**

**Y**owl'd, howl'd.  
Yont, beyond.  
Yelping, us'd to express the  
Noise made by the Barking  
of a Puppy, or the crying  
of a Child.  
Youdith, Youth.



